THE
Dumb Lady:
Or, The
FARRIAR
MADE
PHYSICIAN.
As it was acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL.

By *John Lacy*, Gent.

LONDON:
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To the High-Born and moſt hopeful Prince, *CHARLES*, Lord *Limrick*, and Earl of *Southampton*.

GREAT SIR,

WHen I began to write this Dedication, my hand ſhook, a fear poſſeſt me, and I trembled; my Pen fell from me, and my whole frame grew diſorder'd, as if blaſted with ſome ſudden upſtart Comet. Such Awe and Reverence waits on Dignity, that I now find it fit for me to wiſh, I had been refuſed the honour of my Dedication, rather than undertake a task ſo much too great for me. How ſhall I excuſe this bold and ſaucie fault? How ſhall my mean unworthy pen, render you your Attributes? Now I find preſumption is a ſin indeed. I have given my ſelf a wound beyond the cure of common men: Heal me then, Great Sir, for where Princes touch, the Cure is infallible. And now ſinee you ſo graciouſly have received my Farriar, who dares ſay he is no Phyſician? When you vouchſafe to call him Doctor, he has Commenced, and from your Mouth he has taken his Degree; for what you ſay, is, and ought to be: ſuch a power is due to you from the Greatneſs of your Blood: I, and my abject Muſe had periſht but for you; and in ſuch diſtreſs, whither ſhould we flee for ſhelter, but to him that has power to ſpread his wings and co-

ver us? and you have done it generouſly: Yet am I not to wonder at this Vertue in you, ſince your high Birth can do no leſs for you than to make you good, and you are ſo: and may that Goodneſs and Humility, which ſo early appears in you, increaſe to a full perfection: may your Vertues prove as beautiful as your perſon; may they ſtill indeavour to out-vie each other, yet neither obtain, but ſtill walk hand in hand, till your Vertues in you be reverenc'd by all Mankind, and your lovely Perſon honoured by all Women, and ſo may you continue to a long and happy life. But I need not wiſh this, nor the world doubt it; for already you're poſſeſt of all thoſe Vertues, that men hereafter may reaſonably expect from you: for being ſupported with Majeſty of one ſide, and with ſo admired and beautiful a Mother on the other, beſides her great and honourable Birth, on ſuch ſure foundations, you cannot fail our hopes, and that you never may, ſhall be for ever the prayers of

Your moſt faithful,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

John Lacy.

The Epiſtle to the Reader.

GEntle Reader, (for ſo moſt Epiſtles begin) being conſcious of my own weakneſs (for ſo they go on) I let thee know my own modeſty had kept me from the Preſs, but for the importunity of friends, (and ſo they make an end.)

By this you ſee, Poetry conſiſts more of Fancie than truth; ſo do the Poets too, or elſe, why ſhould they ſeem aſhamed to come into the Preſs? when I know their Bowels languiſh within them till they are there: Vain-glory being the chief ingredient, that makes up the ſpirit of Poetry, and the grand Inducement that puts us all in print. There is a kind of Charm in Poetry, 'tis like Tobacco and Chymiſtry; for if you once take the one, and undertake the other, you are fixt to the free-hold never to be parted. So fares it with the Dablers in the Dew of *Pernaſſus:* no revilings, no ſhameful reproaches can diſcourage us; ſtill we write on, ſtill we are fixt to the free-hold. I have obſerved, how much more precious to a Poet the Iſſue of his Brain is than that of his Loyns: for I have known them bury Children without grief or trouble; but the Iſſue of their Brain is ſo dear and tender to them, that if you go about to perſwade them but to cut a Play or Poem ſhorter, they are ſo concern'd, that every Line you cut is valued at a Joynt, and every Speech a Limb lopt off. Without doubt there is a kind of madneſs in Poetry, or elſe how can a man be ſo vainly poſſeſt as to think his own works exceed all other mens? That there are ſuch men is but too true; for, I my ſelf have thought ſo of my own Poetry: and when I that am ſo mean an under-ſhurb do prove ſo vainly mad, the tall Cedars ſure muſt needs be ſhaken with outragious fits; and in thoſe fits they write raptures, and fly to the

the Skies, and get among the Gods, and makes ſuch work, that you would ſwear they'r all breaking up School, and coming down amongſt us. For my part, I wonder they have not come all this while, I'm ſure they have been ſufficiently provoked. I thank my incapacity I am not ſo far gone in Poetry as to arrive at thoſe fits; yet I have this to ſay, that I have had my ends upon Poetry, and not Poetry upon me: for if Poetry had gained its ends on me, it had made me mad; but that I having my ends on it, appears in my getting money by it, which was ſhewn plentifully on my Poets days; but that I thank my friends for, and not the deſert of my Plays: and I wiſh, Reader, that you may prove as kind to the Printer, as you were to me, when you were a hearer; and that my Farriar may prove as good a ſervant to him, as formerly to me, who am, Reader,

Your humble ſervant,

John Lacy.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

HEre I am, and not aſham'd who know it,
I humbly come your Forma paup'ris *Poet:*
Not Hector-*like, that one half-year has writ,*
And fights th'other half to defend that wit:
Nor have I brought you here a ſecond Play,
Like him that pretends preaching twice a day;
And when you gravely come i'th' afternoon,
He puts you off with repetition:
Saying, you may remember in the morn
I told you thus, and ſo, and where, and when;
So ſpins out his hour with the ſame agen.
Though ſuch things paſs on thoſe that Sermons hear,
It will not do with Play-judgers, I fear;
I would you had their grace, and they your wit,
Sermons would then be hard as Plays to hit;
And eaſie Scenes would paſs upon you, when
Grace above Wit abounds in Gentlemen.
How would the Poets all rejoyce to ſee
This age appear i'th' old ſimplicity;
To have your wives and you come ten times o'er,
To ſee the pudding eaten in Jane Shore;
To cry up the bold Beauchamps *of the Stage?*
There was a bleſſed underſtanding age.
I would you were ſuch but for one three days,
Till the poor Poet gather up his Bayes;
Or elſe my leſs than fifth-rate wit I find
Will force me beg you'l not be juſt, but kind:
Yet uſe me as you pleaſe, my comfort is,
If by your vengeance I muſt needs be worried,
I'm not the firſt ſmall Poet has miſcarried.

The

The Actors Names.

Gernette	An old rich Gentleman.
Olinda	His Daughter, pretending dumbneſs, and after that madneſs.
Suqre Softhead	Her Suiter.
Leander	Her Lover, but not permitted.
Drench	A Farrier beaten to a Doctor.
Iſabel	His Wife.
Jarvis	Servant to *Gernette.*
Nurſe	His Wife, and Houſe-keeper to *Gernette.*
Mrs. *Nibby*	Couſin to *Gernette.*
Mr. *Othentick*	A Parſon, and Brother to *Leander.*
Three Doctors	Of Phyſick.
Women ſervants	Attending on *Olinda.*
Two Foot-boys.	
Patients.	
Two Whippers	Of *Bedlam.*
Neighbours.	

Enter

THE Dumb Lady.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Jarvis *and Servant.*

Ser. THe like was never heard of, to have a ſweet young Lady as ſhe was going to be married, to fall dumb.

Jar. If my wife had done ſo too, I think it had been ne'er the worſe for the Common-wealth: but it would make any woman dumb to be deſigned for ſuch a Fopp as Squire *Softhead.*

Ser. He is a fopp of a new ſtamp, I would not marry a milkmaid to him.

Jar. I would he had my wife, or any that would make him a cuckold: he has turned away twenty ſervants becauſe they do not call him Squire oft enough: I ſhall be ſick every time I hear the word Squire, he has made it ſo ridiculouſly loathſome.

Ser. He has been called ſo from his Cradle in the Country, where the title of Squire had always great worſhip, till the fool crept in amongſt them, of which he is chief.

Jar. Yes Faith, for if there were an Army of Fopps (as truly I think they might be raiſed here) Squire *Softhead* muſt be General; he has one faculty, he will maintain a quarrel within three words of ſtriking, and then he will eat cold Cuſtard.

Ser. Hang him; but doſt thou think my young Mrs. is dumb indeed?

Jar. You ſaw the Doctors could not cure her, but if ſhe do counterfeit do not blame her, for 'twere pitty upon pitty that the Sqr.(a Pox Sqr. him,)ſhould have her; here they all come.

Enter old Gernette, *his daughter lead by ſervants as dumb,* *Sqr.* Softhead *her ſuitor,* Nibby *and* Jarvis.

Ger. To have my Child ſtruck dumb, upon her intended Weddingday, and to have the Doctors give her over too; O my unhappy ſtars!

Soft. Are the ſtars ſuch unhappy things, are they the cauſe of her dumbneſs? by the heart of a horſe if I thought ſo I'd complain of 'em.

Nib. Complain of the Stars! who would you complain too Good Sqr. *Softhead?*

Soft. I'd complain to the Sun and Moon, I warrant you they'd not uphold them in their Raskally twinkling Tricks.

Nib. Alas poor Sqr. the Sun is always in haſte, he ne'er ſtays to hear complaints.

Soft. Why then I'l watch them when they fall, and if the proudeſt ſtar of them all light within my ground, by the heart of a horſe I'l have an Action of Treſpaſs againſt them, and if the Law once take hold of 'em, I'l warrant 'em for twinkling again in haſte.

Nib. You were beſt get a ſtar-trap to catch 'em in.

Soft. I warrant you a Law-trap will do as well.

Nib. Do you think your daughter had not better be dumb and dead, than marry ſuch a ridiculous bruit as this?

Ger. O but his eſtate lies ſo ſweetly round mine, that when ſhe underſtands the bleſſing, ſhe'l dote of him as I do.

Nib. Marry the Devil dote on him; why ſir, he never comes into her Chamber, but he is all of a foaming ſweat, throws off his Periwigg, and no one knows whether he or that ſmells rankeſt; then he runs to the Looking-glaſs, rubs his head with the dreſſing cloth, puts on his Periwigg, then combs out the Powder upon his Mrs. ſo makes a ſcurvy leg, and leaves her —— there's a lover with a Pox to him. But Sqr. why do you prophane the ſtars ſo?

Soft. Prophane? there's a company of vagabond wandring

ſtars

ſtars that doe nothing but run up and down the ſky to tell fortunes, juſt like our Gipſies i'th' high-way, I know 'em well enough. Heart of a horſe, to loſe a wife for want of three words, if ſhe had ſaid but *to have and to hold*, we had had no farther uſe of her tongue as I know of.

Hib. Why ſo, Sqr.

Soft. Do not call me Sqr. Mrs. bare Sqr. without *Softhead* ſounds ſcurvily, and 'tis ſcurvily done to call me ſo, and as ſcurvily I take it, and by the heart of a horſe if you were not a woman, I'd wound you ſcurvily.

Jar. Truly methinks there's ſuch a ſympathy betwixt Sqr. and *Softhead*, that 'tis a thouſand pitties to part them.

Nib. I beſeech you Sqr. which is the Ancienteſt family, the *Softheads* or the *Hardheads*?

Soft. The *Softheads* are the Ancienteſt family in *Europe*, for *Adam*'s youngeſt Son got a knock in his Cradle, and the *Softheads* ever ſince derive themſelves in a direct line from him.

Ger. How does my child? thou haſt thy health I hope.

Olin. Aaaaaa.

Soft. Heart of a horſe, I believe ſhe counterfeits dumbneſs: but I have a trick to make her ſpeak again if you'l give me leave.

Ger. With all my heart, Sir, what is it?

Soft. Why I'l go call her Jade and Whore, and that will provoke her to call me Rogue and Raskal, you know.

Ger. Tho' it be upon ſuch rude terms, I would be glad to hear her ſpeak, Sir.

Soft. Come on: Why do not you ſpeak the words of Matrimony, you Jade, that you might be my Wife, you little Whore? Look you Sir, ſhe has given me an anſwer. | *Shee takes him a cuff o'th' ear.*

Ger. I, but 'tis but with her hand, Sir.

Soft. However 'tis an anſwer Sir, and ſhe may marry me with her hand as well as with her tongue, for it ſeems to me to be the ſtronger confirmation.

Ger. Squire, if you love my child, endeavour to find all poſſible helps: where's my Servants? Run and ride all ways imaginable, leave no ground unſearcht, nor means unthought of to recover her.

Nib. And good Sqr. *Softhead*, find out a wise man to cure her: do you know one when you see him?

Soft. By my troth to my knowledge I never saw a wise man in my life.

Jar. Do you send a fool to find out a wise man?

Nib. If he cannot find a wise man, a wise man will find out him quickly.

Ger. Come lead my Child to her Chamber, and ride all ways and all Countreys to find out wise and able men.

Soft. Jarvis, how shall we do to know a wise man when we see him; what marks and signs have they? | *Exeunt all but* Jarvis *and* Softhead.

Jar. Why, their dress and their speech they have from the stool of formality, and they have likely a bald head with a fattin cap on't, a narrow band, with a broad hat, a kain growing in their hands, with the silver head always bobbing at their lips, and they that are thus habited are taken for wise men.

Soft. Why then I may be a wise man, if a Silver Kain will make me so; but prethee what do these wise men do?

Jar. Bi'rlady that will puzle a wise man to tell you; for I never heard of any thing that was wisely done in my life, therefore I think wise men do nothing.

Soft. Then I will be wise, whatsoever it cost me, for I love to do nothing above all things i'th' world: but come let us go the right way to find a wise man now.

Jar. I'l warrant you go right, for we'l go directly East.

Soft. Why you fool, the wise men came out o'th' East, and dost thou think to find them there, when they left the place.

Jar. I, but Sir, they returned back into their own Countrey again.

Soft. Did they? why then the wise men of the East are not so wise as the wise men of *France*, for if they get into another Country, the Devil cannot drive them home again.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Drench *a farrier, and* Isabel *his wife.*

Dr. I say Dame *Isabel* I'l have it my way.

Isa. Have it my way? why, who are you, Sir? art thou any more:

more than my husband, fellow? how cameſt thou thus audacious then to ſay, I'l have it my way? ſay that again, and by the faith I have in my Confidant, my Gallant ſhall make thee an example.

Dr. A ha, have you your Confidant and your Gallant, Wife?

Iſa. Yes that I have. You know when the great ones have done with a faſhion, it comes amongſt we mean Madams into th'Country at laſt, and I have as much privilege due to me as any free born people in the world has, and we women will maintain the liberties of the ſhe ſubject with our lives and fortunes.

Dr. Bi'rlady Wife you rant like a free born ſubject indeed: but pray you, what do you with the word *free born ſubject*.

Iſa. I have it to ſhew that I am one of the free born, and may have my Gallant with all the perquiſites belonging thereunto.

Dr. Why thou ſtragleſt as far out of the bonds of Matrimony as if thou'dſt a good Jointure to juſtifie thee in't: there is a thing called *duty* Wife; the Parſon you may remember ſaid ſo when he married us.

Iſa. I no more remember what the Parſon ſaid when he married us, than what he has ſaid ever ſince when he preacht.

Dr. The Jade's mad beyond recovery, a Pox of the liberty of the ſhe ſubject: Wife there are five Children by the fire ſide, pray you how many of 'em's mine, Wife? I think 'tis high time to ask that queſtion.

Iſa. I muſt not be ſo much concerned with thee as to call thee huſband, therefore Mr. *Drench*, the firſt child was yours.

Dr. And whoſe are the reſt?

Iſa. The reſt are mine fellow, let that ſuffice thee.

Dr. And but one of them mine, Wife?

Iſa. No but one yours, and for this following reaſon, after my firſt child you neglected your family duty, Mr. *Drench*, and when you grew negligent of me, I grew careful of my ſelf, and from that care came the reſt of my children, Mr. *Drench*.

Dr. And thoſe four children it ſeems, are free born ſubjects: I find a Wife a little modiſh, is worſe than a Wife a little old-

iſh.

iſh: Wife I'l downright poiſon your free born children.

Iſa. O thou ungallantified Beaſt; wou'dſt thou deſtroy thy own fleſh and blood?

Dr. Not mine, but I will yours, Wife.

Iſa. Why, are not man and wife one fleſh, and then are not your children mine, and mine yours, Mr. *Drench*?

Dr. Faith, I doubt this argument is the general ſecurity that mankind has to warrant their off-ſprings Legitimate.

Iſa. Sirrah, talk of poiſoning my children and I'l have thee ſo gallantified.

Dr. Gallantified? prethee what's that Wife?

Iſa. To be gallantified, is to be ſoundly cudgel'd, ſirrah: there is another point of ſhe doctrine for you.

Dr. Pray you, let me ask you a queſtion, Madam; nay be not aſhamed to be called Madam, for as mean people as your ſelf has the impudence to own it, therefore Madam are you true to your Gallant?

Iſa. I, by my life am I, I elſe deſerve to loſe my privileges and be a bondwoman, I, and condemned to my own huſband.

Dr. That part of me that's Gentleman forgives thee freely for that; but the rough part, which is Farrier, muſt be reveng'd; & though your gallant carry your cudgel of love, I carry your cudgel of chaſtiſement: I plead my privileges Wife, and muſt beat you: take this and that, and that and this. [*beats her.*

Iſa. Help, murther, murther, will you kill me you villain?

Dr. Kill you? alas this is but complement, Wife, and 'tis a new faſhion come into the Country Wife, ſo I have it to ſhew you that I'm one o'th' free born Wife. [*beats her again.*

Iſa. Murther, murther, help, murther.

N. What's here, fie, fie, neighbour *Drench*, hold for ſhame: what, beating your Wife? [*Enter a Neighbour.*

Iſa. I marry is he Sir, what's that to you? ſuppoſe I long for a beating, I have been getting him in a good humour this two months to do it, and now you muſt diſturb us.

N. Nay if you long for a beating I'm ſorry I diſturb'd you, I have done.

Iſa. You wicked fellow do you know what ye've done? you

you have taken him off of the ſweeteſt humour: I ſee by his looks I ſhall not get another blow of him to ſave my life.

Dr. The jade is mad beyond all cure.

N. I, for none but a mad woman would long for a beating, but farewell neighbours, I have done.

Dr. You're an impertinent fellow to begin: Men that part rancounters are often kill'd or hurt, and therefore you ought Neighbour to be ſoundly cudgel'd. [*Beats him.*

N. Nay good neighbour hold, hold.

Iſa. You ſee he has taken off his anger from me, and now you muſt have all the ſweet blows you raskal.

Dr. So he ſhall, for if I had known thou hadſt long'd for a beating, thou ſhouldſt not have had a blow to've ſav'd thy life, but you ſhall have it. [*Beats him again.*

N. Hold, hold, hold; if ere I part man and Wife, if ere I put my hand betwixt the bark and the tree again, may my fingers bear fruit, and the boys rob my Orchard: A woman to long for a beating? what a bleſſing 'twere if all our Wives would long ſo! [*Exit Neigh.*

Dr. Now I know you long for a beating Wife, leſt you ſhould miſcarry I'll beat you wonderfully.

Iſa. Hold, hold, my longing is over indeed.

Dr. Is it? why then I'l to the Wood and drench a ſick horſe, and by that time I return I hope you may come to your longing again, and then I ſhall plead the liberty of the ſubject, and claw your free born ſides again. [*Exit* Drench.

Iſa. To be beaten thus! if I be not reveng'd, ſay I'm a woman without Gaul or invention; let me think a little, they ſay when a woman means miſchief, if ſhe but look upon her Apron-ſtrings the Devil will help her preſently; I'l try him: who is here?

Enter Jarvis *and* Softhead *to her.*

Soft. We may ſearch long enough, the Devil a wiſe man that I can find or hear of.

Jar. I but Sir, you muſt know there be ſeveral ſorts of wiſe men, and our buſineſs is to find out a wiſe Phyſician.

Iſa. Either the Proverb's falſe, or the Devil's very dull, for he

he has helpt me to no invention yet. [*Aside.*

Soft. But all the profeſs'd Doctors which we take to be wiſe Phyſicians have given her over you ſee.

Jar. I, but there may be skilful and wiſe men in Phyſick that do not profeſs it.

Soft. You ſay very true, for I was cured once o'th' belly ach by an old woman and a warm Trencher, when all the Doctors i'th' Town had given me over.

Iſa. God a mercy Devil, I have it i' Faith, theſe Gentlemen have given me a hint for a revenge upon my barbarous huſband: Gentlemen I overheard your diſcourſe, and I find you are in great diſtreſs for a wiſe Phyſician.

Soft. What then, does ſuch a Countrey creature as thou know any thing that 's wiſe?

Iſa. I know not what your worſhip means by wiſe.

Soft. I dare ſwear thou doſt not, for I that am a Squire ſcarce know my ſelf.

Iſa. But Sir I can help you to the moſt excellent Phiſician upon earth, but then he's a man of the moſt ſtrangeſt humours.

Soft. 'Slid no matter for his humours, ſo he be wiſe; where is he?

Iſa. Why in that very Copſe, blooding and drenching of a ſick horſe.

Soft. Why, that's a wiſe Farrier, not a wiſe Phyſician woman.

Iſa. But he is a famous Phyſician of *Padua*, and has retired himſelf on purpoſe to avoid Patients.

Soft. Then he is a fool and no Phyſician; for the wiſe Doctors never leave a Patient whilſt he has either breath in's body or money in's purſe.

Iſa. I but Sir, this is not a man that values money.

Soft. Then I ſay he is not a wiſe man. Come away *Jarvis*, this cannot be he we look for.

Iſa. Why you muſt know Sir, he exceeds the World for Phyſick, but then his humour is to deny his profeſſion and acknowledge nothing but Ignorance; then Sir, he looks ſo like a Farrier

Farrier, that you would ſwear he were one indeed; then he is ſuch a Clown.

Jar. The greater the Scholar, ſtill the more Clown; and the further he is gone in Learning, the more ignorant ſtill in other things.

Soft. I, but is he far gone in Phyſick? can he make a dumb woman ſpeak?

Iſa. A dumb woman ſpeak? I'll undertake he ſhall provoke a dumb divel to ſpeak.

Soft. That's the wiſe man I want: pray you where is he?

Iſa. Why, Sir, he is eaſily ſpoke with, but you'll find it wonderful difficult to get him to a Patient; neither gold, complement, nor other fair uſage could ever yet work upon him, and yet there is a way to gain him.

Soft. Heart of a horſe, pox to him, what way can that be?

Iſa. A way that you'll think ſtrange, but very true: he could never yet be brought to a Patient without being rudely us'd and ſoundly cudgil'd to it.

Soft. Nay, by the heart of a horſe, he ſhall want for no beating.

Iſa. I marry, Sir, that will do it, and nothing elſe i'th' world; yet he will carry his ſeeming ſimplicitie ſo cunningly, that I hold a wager you come away perſwaded that he is no Phyſician.

Jar. I hold a wager he ſhall own it, I'll make him commence Doctor elſe with a good cudgel, I warrant you: but is he ſuch a rare Phyſician?

Iſa. Truly, Sir, but two days ſince he brought a mad woman to her wits again, that was ſuſpected never to have any; nay, he has taken mens legs and arms off, and ſet 'em on ſound again.

Jar. That's beyond Surgeons-hall: ſure he can conjure.

Soft. I'll be hang'd if this fellow be not a ſpie of the *Vertuoſos*, and is come hither diſguis'd to betray ſecrets in Nature.

Jar. But does he take no other fees but beating Mrs?

Iſa. Of a certain nothing elſe, Sir.

Jar. I would ſome Doctors, I know, could be brought to

 that,

that, I would want no Phyſick, nor he ſhould want no fees i'faith.

Iſa. Gentlemen, you'll find him in the wood with a leather Apron, and a Hammer by his ſide, as if he were a real Smith; and he ſtudies as much to be a Farrier now, as formerly a Phyſician; and as his drink was altogether Wine before, now Farrier-like he ſtudies all ſorts of Ale, and drinks them ſoundly too: So, farewel Gentlemen, you'll find all things true as I have ſaid, and my Raskal, I hope, will be cudgel'd from a Farrier to a Doctor. [*Exit* Iſa.

Jar. Why, this is ſuch an humorous Phyſician, as yet I have not heard of.

Soft. Slid, we ſhould have ask'd the woman one thing, it may be he delights to be beaten with one ſort of cudgel more than another.

Jar. We'll be ſo civil as to ask him that, if he puts us to it: But come, let us into the wood and find him out.

Soft. Hark, I hear the trees burl in the wood: Slid, here's a man coming towards us, I hope 'twill prove the Doctor.

Jar. By maſs he has a leather Apron on, and a Hammer by his ſide.

Soft. 'Tis he, what if we cudgel him before we ſpeak to him?

Jar. Not for the world, Sir; that would be rude indeed. Save you, Sir. [*Enter Drench.*

Dr. Save me, Sir? ſpare your Complement till I'm dying, and then I'll thank you for't.

Soft. By the heart of a Horſe I like him for that, for what ſhould a man be ſaved for till he is dead, you know.

Jar. Sir, in ſhort, we come (having buſineſs with you) to pay you all the reſpect and reverence that's due to your worſhip.

Dr. Reſpect, reverence and worſhip! you're very merry, Gentlemen: pray you, Sir, what part of me is it that you find worſhipful?

Jar. O Sir, it is your vertues that we admire.

Dr. Vertue! I never heard the word in my life, no nor the uſe on't.

Soft. Thou ſpeak'ſt like an honeſt man, for by my troth I ſee no ſign of vertue about thee.

Jar.

Jar. Slid, you'll ſpoil all to be ſo blunt with him: Sir, we underſtand you are a great Doctor.

Dr. I underſtand my ſelf to be a great horſe Doctor, Sir.

Soft. But pray you, Sir, be a man Doctor for my ſake; by this cudgel it will be the better for you, if you knew all.

Jar. Sir, in ſhort, we know you to be a famous Doctor of *Padua*, and we wiſh you would leave theſe abject thoughts of being a Farrier, and follow your own worthy profeſſion of Phyſick.

Dr. Now you provoke me, Sir: do you think a Farrier inferiour to a Phyſician? he is the ſon of a Mare that thinks a horſe has not as many diſeaſes as a man.

Soft. And he is the ſon of a whore that thinks a Squire has not as many diſeaſes as a Horſe: and Friend, take heed how you make compariſons, for you'll have all the Squires i'th' Country about your ears upon this ſcore.

Dr. Country Squires I ſhall deal well enough with, and I ſhall juſtifie a Horſe has more diſeaſes than a Squire, and take the honour of Knighthood to help you.

Soft. You lye, and for the honour of Squire-hood I'll dye a virgin-Martyr. [*offers to draw.*

Jar. Hold, hold, Sir, the latter end of a Squires argument is ſtill quarrelling.

Soft. Without quarrelling then I'll prove, that Squire and Squireſs have more diſeaſes than a Horſe.

Dr. I, with the diſeaſes of their own, that Nature never meant them, I grant you.

Soft. And firſt, I prove a Squireſs, that is, a woman, may be dumb.

Dr. And I anſwer, a horſe cannot ſpeak, ſet that againſt that: and yet I'll undertake to make a horſe ſpeak before you ſhall make a woman dumb, Sir.

Jar. Good Squire let us mind our buſineſs: In ſhort, Sir, will you own your Profeſſion? are you a Doctor or no?

Dr. A pox of a Doctor, I am a down-right Farrier, I can give you a drench, or cut you for the ſtaggers when you'r drunk; I have no more learning than a horſe: pray open my

head, and see if you can find a Phyſician there.

Jar. Since no means but the extremity will make you own your profeſſion, we will cudgel you with as much complement as we can, Sir.

Soft. A cudgel is but a courſe complement, I confeſs.

Dr. Hey, good boys i'faith, what a Devil mean you, Gentlemen?

Jar. Squire, do you ſtrike the firſt blow.

Soft. No, do you *Jarvis*, for the firſt blow will bear an Action, you know, and thou'rt a poor fellow, he can recover nothing of thee.

Dr. What a Devil's the matter? [*Beats him.*

Jar. Fall on, fall on, will you confeſs you'r a Doctor?

Dr. Hold, hold, hold, I will be a Phyſician.

Jar. Will ye own, you are one, Sir. [*Beats him again.*

Dr. I am one, I am one, hold, I am a very good Phyſician, I feel I am.

Enter Iſa.

Iſa. Yes, Gentlemen, he is a rare Phyſician, and would confeſs it too, but that he would not loſe the pleaſure of a cudgel, for once a week he longs for a beating: now you and I are even, Sir. [*Exit* Iſa.

Dr. A pox upon you, is this your deſign? I'll be reveng'd, you Jade, to the purpoſe: If I ſhould ſay ſhe is my wife, and that I'm a very Black-ſmith, they'd not believe me, 'twere but the way to be cudgel'd again.

Jar. Nay, come, Sir, what are you falling into a relapſe again?

Dr. No, no, hold, as the woman ſays, I am a Doctor.

Jar. I, and ſo famous, that you can take off broken limbs and ſet them on ſound again.

Dr. Well, I will own all this, rather than have my bones broken; and now I remember you fetch'd me once before out of this great wood, in *Plato*'s great year, as my Maſter call'd it.

Soft. Pray you, Sir, how long is that ſince?

Dr. Why, next Strawberry-time, it will be compleat ſix and thirty thouſand yeart.

Jar. Ho Boy!

Dr. I, and I remember I poyſoned ſomebody at your requeſt.

Jar. No, Sir, I do not remember that.

Dr. But I do, Sir, by the ſame token you gave me a hundred pieces for a bribe tyed up in a laced Handkerchief.

Jar. I remember now as well as can be.

Soft. But I do not remember I hired him to poyſon any body, nor do I remember I'm ſix and thirty thouſand years old: A pox of your *Plato's* great year, and his little year too.

Jar. Pray, Sir, remember, your Miſtreſs will ne'er be cured elſe.

Soft. Nay, rather than ſo, I will remember any thing.

Jar. Look you there, Sir, you ſee we both remember, therefore I pray you go with us to cure a diſtreſſed Lady.

Dr. My buſineſs in Phyſick is killing, not curing, I aſſure you; for as there is your Man-taylor and your Woman-taylor, ſo there is your killing Doctor, and your curing Doctor, diſtinct Profeſſions, I aſſure you.

Jar. But, Sir, you muſt own curing, as well as killing, or elſe we ſhall court you with a cudgel again.

Soft. As we did in *Plato's* great year, you know *Jarvis.*

Dr. I do not remember that ye beat me then.

Soft. But I remember it, by the ſame token you gave me my laced Handkerchief back, when you had put the Gold in your pocket.

Dr. Now I do remember, hold, hold, [*Offers to beat him.* I do own curing; and ſince there is no remedy, I confeſs I am a Doctor: but if all men ſhould take their degrees, as I have done, we ſhould have but ſmall commencements. I once ſerved a Mountebank, and have ſome of his canting terms, and for ought I know may prove as good a Phyſician, as if I'd ſerved an Apprenticeſhip at *Padua.* Well, Gentlemen, what diſeaſe is it I muſt cure?

Soft. You muſt help a Lady that is dumb, and has loſt her ſpeech.

Dr. How, dumb, and loſt her ſpeech too! that's a great work; if ſhe had only loſt her ſpeech, I could have cured her, or if ſhe had

had been but dumb; but to be dumb and ſpeechleſs too, her caſe is very deſperate, would I'd my wife and all the neighbourhood at that lock.

Jar. But we muſt intreat your utmoſt skill, for 'tis a ſad thing for a woman to be ſpeechleſs.

Dr. I, and dumb: but 'tis a ſadder thing for a man to be a fool, for certainly he is a changeling that has a dumb wife, and would have her ſpeak again: Are you in love with a womans ſting?

Jar. Why do you call it a ſting, Sir?

Dr. Becauſe, Sir, a woman has no tongue, they'r tongues in mens mouths, but they'r call'd ſtings in women.

Jar. But, Sir, this Lady never ſpoke an angry word, not ſo much as to a ſervant.

Dr. But ſhe will do, if I cure her, for I've an unluckie hand that way; yet for her ſweet diſpoſitions ſake I'll preſerve her; and now I'll anſwer to the name of Doctor, with as much confidence, as a Quack dreſt up in all his ignorance.

Soft. Will ignorance make men confident? Slid, would I'd a little ignorance too. [*All ready.*

Jar. I, if you had but a little 'twere very well, Sir.

Dr. Let me ſee how to behave my ſelf like a Doctor now; I will firſt take your Miſtreſs by the pulſe, and look up gravely at the ſieling all the while; then ask what ſhe took laſt, and when ſhe'd a ſtool, and there's half a Doctors work; then I'll preſcribe ſomething that will neither do hurt nor good, ſo leave her to luck, and there's the other half of the Doctor; then (to amuze the people) I'll give her the powder of a dryed Dock-leaf, with Apothecaries hard name to it; and if that will not mend her, I'll give her a drench, for women have ſturdie ſtomachs, and why not as ſtrong of conſtitution as Horſes?

Soft. Heart of a horſe, thou'rt a delicate mad Doctor; Sirrah, wilt thou give her a drench?

Dr. Why, a drench is a potion, and a potion is a drench; only the diſtinction is, when you put it into a horn, then 'tis a drench for a horſe; and when you put it into a vial-glaſs, 'tis a potion for a man; nay, I'll diſcover all their cheats.

Come

Come my Squire *Softhead*, never fear thy wench,
She ſhall be cur'd by Learned Doctor *Drench*. [*Ring.*

Finis Act. I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gernette, Softhead, Jarvis *and Nurſe.*

Ger. AND is he ſo famous a Phyſician, ſay you?

Jar. Why, Sir, *Æſculapius*, as you call him, is a meer Mountebank to him.

Soft. I, and that fellow *Galen Hippocrates*, as you call him, not worthy to be his Apothecary: he can conjure, for he'll cure a wooden leg, make it fleſh and bloud, and ſet you up ſound again.

Jar. Nay, if he like your pulſe, he'll give you a leaſe of your life for term of years.

Nur. I would he would give me three lives in mine, and begin them all at fifteen again.

Jar. Is not one life ſufficient to make a man a Cuckold? but you'd have three to do it in.

Nur. Yes, becauſe I'd make thee a Monſter, that my child and I may live upon ſhewing thee.

Ger. You talk of wonders, I long to ſee him.

Jar. He is i'th' next room, Sir, but 'tis the maddeſt Doctor, and of the ſtrangeſt humours.

Soft. So he is, for by the heart of a horſe we were fain to bribe him with a cudgel, before he would own being a Doctor.

Nur.

Nur. A down right Surreverence of a Doctor, I ſay get her a worthy husband, and ſay I told you ſo.

Ger. You'r a fooliſh woman, and talk of that you underſtand not.

Nur. Underſtand not? ſure I ſhould know what a woman wants as well as you: I ſay again, a pox of your Doctor, get her a good husband, a plaiſter of true love clapt to her will do her more good than Sena or Rhubarb.

Ger. Did I not provide her a good husband? was ſhe not to marry the Squire here?

Nur. A precious morſel of him: how came you to be a Squire with a pox, with your ſofthead, and your little head, and your no head at all?

Soft. Bear witneſs, ſhe ſays I have no head at all.

Nur. Thou mayſt take it, and throw it to the dogs for any brains there's in't.

Soft. I will not call you whore, Gentlewoman; but by the heart of a horſe your husband's a cuckold; and he is not only an Engliſh cuckold, but alſo an Italian cuckold; that is to ſay, he is a cuckold both before and behind.

Nur. Sirrah, cudgel him, or lie in the truckle-bed all thy life.

Jar. I'l rather cudgel thee, for I believe every word he ſays.

Nur. For ſhame proffer her a husband of her own chuſing, let her have *Leander*.

Ger. She ſhall never be his *Hero*.

Nur. If ſhe periſh in the *Helleſpont*, at your peril.

Ger. *Helleſpont*? how came you by that fine word?

Nur. Honeſtly enough.

Jar. As honeſtly as you came by your child, I think.

Nur. I have ſeen Mr. *Helleſpont* in a Puppet-ſhow, and *Hero*, and *Leander* too.

Ger. Talk no more of *Leander*, I know him not; but who e'er he be, he is not to be compared with the Squire here for wealth.

Nur. Is your Squire boobe, loobe, poope, to ſtand with *Leander* for parts and perſon?

Ger.

Ger. Do you know his parts?

Nur. No, but I have heard of him and his parts.

Soft. Grant me patience, for I have much ado to forbear calling you whore, forſooth.

Nur. Do if thou dar'ſt; is wealth to be named the ſame day with love? I ſcorn that compariſon, though I'm o'th' wrong ſide o'th' teens i'faith.

Ger. Haſt thou any ſenſe of the fopperies of love left?

Nur. Doſt thou call ſweet love foppery? though thou'rt my Maſter, thou'rt a beaſt; go, go to bed and die, what doſt thou in this world? let the Doctors give him Phyſick, no bodie elſe has need on't.

Jar. You'r very bold with your Maſter, wife.

Nur. He has been as bold with me, let that ſuffice you huſband: I have ſo freſh in my memory the ſweet effects of love, that I wonder mankind ſhould be ſuch beaſts as to forget it.

Ger. Go give your child ſuck, for that's your talent, and meddle no more.

Jar. That's another ſign 'tis none of my child, for why ſhould he be ſo careful to have the child ſuck, if it were not his own?

Soft. Look you friend, your wife has abus'd me, and 'tis not civil to call her whore to her own face: but I tell thee to thy face, ſhe is a Whore Rampant, and in Heraldry thou'rt a Cuckold Paſſant.

Jar. I, Sir, and my wants make me a Cuckold Couchant, or I'd ne'er indure it.

Soft. Oh, here comes our delicate humourſome Doctor i'faith. [*Enter Doctor.*

Ger. Squire, go bid them make my Daughter ready to receive the Doctor.

Soft. I do not care to go, for ſhe has her wild Iriſh Chamber-maid that always calls me Squire *pogemihone*, and then laughs at me.

Ger. Pray you go, Sir. You'r very welcome, Sir, I have very much deſired to ſee you. [*Exit* Softhead.

Doct. *Hippocrates* ſays, I pray you be cover'd.

Ger. Pray you, in what Chapter of *Hippocrates* does he bid you be cover'd?

Doct. In the first chapter of keeping your head warm.

Ger. A pleasant Gentleman, and I love his humour. But, Sir, concerning my Daughter who is very sick, Sir.

Doct. I am very glad on't, Sir, and I would you and your whole Family were sick, lame or blind, that I might have the honour to cure you.

Ger. Why, this is the strangest Doctor: he had need of good parts to bear out his humours.

Doct. And now, Sir, I pray you what's your Daughters name?

Ger. Olinda, Sir, at your service.

Doct. Olinda? a pretty name to be cured.

Ger. Sir, I'l see if my Daughter be ready to come forth to you. [*Exit Ger.*

Doct. Your servant, Sir: and what woman is that, I pray you?

Jar. The Nurse of the house, Sir.

Doct. Bi'rlady, a pretty piece of houshold-stuff, and a fine ornament for a Couch: I do salute you Nurse, and I would I were that happy sucklin, that shall draw down the milk of your favour and affection, Nurse.

Jar. Her pulse beats not thereabouts, Sir: hands off, for she's my wife, Sir.

Doct. I cry you mercy, Sir, I congratulate you for having so handsome a wife, and your wife for having so worthy a husband: Your breasts, sweet Nurse.

Jar. Pray you hold, Sir, half this courtesie would serve.

Doct. Worthy Sir, I cannot declare enough how much I'm your servant. Delicate breasts, Nurse. | *His hands upon her breasts still.*

Nur. At your service. |

Jar. O Devil take you, Sir, let my wives breasts alone.

Doct. Sweet Sir, I must see her breasts, it is the Doctors duty to look to the Nurses milk.

Jar. You shall not look to her milk, I'll look to your water for that, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. You will not hinder me from following my Profeſſion; alas, I muſt not only feel her breaſts, but I muſt know whether ſhe be with child or no.

Jar. Sir, my wife is not with child.

Doct. But ſhe muſt be with child: what ſayſt thou Nurſe?

Nur. If your worſhip think it be for myhealth, Sir.

Doct. Thou wilt dye in a week elſe.

Nur. Do you hear that?

Jar. A pox of your Mountebanking, Sir, my wife is ſound and well, and ſhall have no Doctor.

Doct. Sir, I know you'r a man of ſence, and I beſeech you hear reaſon. A ſweet Nurſe!

Nur. O dear Doctor.

Jar. A pox of your ſence and reaſon, give me my wife, Sir.

Doct. But, Sir, I'm from home, and want a woman; I hope you'l be civil to a ſtranger; if you come my way, I'l be as kind to you, Sir.

Jar. The Devil take your kindneſs, give me my wife.

Doct. Give me a reaſon for't; for look you, Sir, your wife is either with child, or elſe ſhe has a tympany. Nurſe, ſhew me your legs, they may be ſwell'd and dropſical, a ſweet woman may be caſt away here for want of a little looking to.

Jar. Let my wives legs alone, or I'l downright thruſt you out o'th' Room.

Doct. Sir, I find you'r cholerick, but I'l give you a purge ſhall make you ſo patient, that if you ſaw me lye with your wife, you ſhould not have ſo much gaul left, as would make an angry line in your face.

Nur. Now good husband take Phyſick.

Doct. God a mercie Nurſe.

Nur. In troth, Sir, he is always ſo fretful, and ſo cholerickly jealous.

Jar. I'l make you an example.

Doct. Such another word, and I'l put thee into a Fever, and keep thee in't a year; I tell thee fellow, thy wife is not well, and I will give her a gentle gentile Cliſter; prethee be ſick Nurſe.

Nur. Yes, Sir, I am ſick, and, if you pleaſe, you ſhall give me a gentle gentile, as you call it.

Jar. You are no more ſick than I am huſwife.

Nur. Sure the Doctor knows better than you or I whether I be ſick or no; and I find I am ſick, and I do ſo long for a gentle gentile, what d'ye call it.

Jar. My Maſter is coming, or I'd give you ſuch a gentle gentile.

Enter old Gernette, *his Daughter lead in by Servants, and Sqr.* Softhead.

Ger. Sir, I have brought my Daughter, and I beſeech your beſt care of her, for the world's gone with me if ſhe die.

Doct. Hold, Sir, people do not die ſo eaſily without the help of a Phyſician.

Ger. A notable Droll, and puts me in great comfort.

Doct. Is this ſhe? a very pretty Patient, and one a man may venture on in ſickneſs, or in health: come on, Sir, let me feel your pulſe.

Ger. I am not ſick, Sir.

Doct. But your Daughter is, therefore give me your pulſe; why, by your pulſe, I find your Daughter is dumb.

Nur. O dear, how he hits on't!

Jar. Hits on't? you'd be hit on't too, would you; he may thank his knowing on't before.

Ger. But, Sir, 'tis ſtrange that you ſhould know my Daughters diſeaſe by my pulſe.

Doct. Sympathy does it: I find you have no faith here in the Sympathetical Powder, therefore cannot know our Sympathetical way of practice; when any man or woman is ſick in *Greenland*, they always ſend the next of kin to the Doctor, and by that pulſe the diſeaſe is known, and the Patient cured.

Soft. Pray Doctor feel whether I be dumb or no.

Nur. Let me feel your pulſe huſband; O I am ſick, and the Doctor muſt phyſick me, or I die.

Jar. The Devil has found a new way to make a Cuckold.

Ger. But, what may be the cauſe think you of her dumbneſs?

Doct. Why, Sir, according to the ſence of *Ariſtotle*.

Gers.

Ger. *Ariſtotle* was a Philoſopher, Sir.

Doct. I, and a Phyſician too, I know what I ſay. Heart! I had like to have been gravel'd; I ſay again, according to the ſence of *Hippocrates*.

Ger. I marry, Sir, he was a Phyſician indeed.

Doct. I, and a Philoſopher too, therefore no matter which of their opinions I take.

Jar. By my troth I think ſo too.

Doct. And therefore as I ſaid at firſt, according to the ſence of *Ariſtotle*, women are dumb becauſe they cannot ſpeak.

Nur. A ſweet Doctor, I always thought ſo indeed.

Jar. Have you taſted of his ſweetneſs you quean?

Nur. Not yet, but I hope I ſhall do, you rogue.

Ger. But, Sir, are there many reaſons for dumbneſs in a woman?

Doct. Several, Sir: a woman may be dumb, when ſhe has no mind to ſpeak, and ſhe may ſpeak when no body has a mind to hear her; this is Natural Philoſophy now.

Ger. Why, you ſpeak, as if it were ſullenneſs in their Sex, and not a defect in Nature, nor other accident.

Doct. I do ſo: in ſome Romance perhaps you may have read of a womans being dumb; but ſure no man ſeriouſly ever heard of a woman that could not ſpeak.

Nur. He is i'th' right i'faith; this is the Doctor of Doctors i'faith.

Jar. Again the Doctor? I would he were hung about thy neck.

Nur. By my troth, ſo would I to determine thy jealouſie.

Ger. But pray you, Sir, why ſhould you think a woman cannot be dumb?

Doct. Why, Sir, your men that has indeavour'd to find out the perpetual motion, has come near it, I confeſs, with their Clocks and Pendulas: but *Ariſtotle* ſays, Fix a Dyal-plate to a womans mouth, and if the perpetual motion be not there, let them never hope to find it; and if it be there, 'tis infallible a woman cannot be dumb.

Boy. Squire, forſooth, here is a Letter. [*Enter a Foot-boy.*

Soft. A good Boy; Squire, and forſooth does well together;

ther, they'r very ſuitable; but hold, this Letter is not big enough to have buſineſs in't, nor little enough to be a challenge. Heart of a horſe, a down-right challenge; [*Reads the Letter.* and if he be as ſtout as *Hercules*, I'll fright him out on's fighting, or he ſhall fright me.

Ger. But touching the cauſe of my childs diſeaſe, Sir.

[*Exit Softhead.*

Doct. Why, you muſt know, her dumbneſs may proceed from the ſtring-holt.

Ger. The ſtring-holt? why that's a diſeaſe one of my Horſes has now in the ſtable.

Doct. I grant you, Sir; but we of *Padua* call a lameneſs in the tongue the ſtring-holt, from that very ſtring which you call the greedie worm: (A pox on me, I ſhall betray my ſelf a Farrier:) and this dumbneſs proceeds from a contracti- [*Aſide.*
on, or ſhrinking of that Nerve or String; which ſhrinking proceeds from Stomachous fumigations which proceed from certain Exhalations, or Influence of the Stars, call'd in Arabick; do you underſtand Arabick?

Ger. Not a word, not I, Sir.

Doct. A Gentleman and not ſpeak Arabick? why, where have you been bred?

Ger. I neither ſpeak Arabick, Latin, nor any language, but my mother tongue.

Doct. What bleſſed luck is this for me? how ſhall I do to explain it to you then? for *Optimun purgamentum, cantaridem, venetreclum*, do ye conceive me, Sir; *Vinum cum drammum, ſcirramoucha ſcrupulum*; and this is juſt your Daughters caſe, Sir.

Nur. Ho boy, Doctor, he claws it away with Latin i'faith.

Jar. Still commending the Doctor? you'd have him claw you away with Latin too, would you not, you Jade?

Nur. I faith, or with Greek either, you knave.

Ger. Sure he's a Learned man, if one could underſtand him; pray you, if you pleaſe, ſtate her caſe in Engliſh.

Doct. Why, this is worſe than all the reſt; why, you muſt know, Sir, that the vapours paſſing from the right ſide where lyes

lyes the heart, unto the left where lyes the liver, the lungs, which in Latin we call *Armion*, having communication with the brain, which in Greek we call *Nazmathon*, by *Intermedium* of the *Vena cava*, which in Hebrew we call *Rabſhack*, and in Arabick *Helgoſhob*.

Nur. Thou beaſt, when wilt thou know *Rabſhack* and *Helgoſhob*? O moſt divine Doctor!

Jar. Divine? is it come to Divinity now? why then you hope to be ſaved by him.

Nur. I'l venture with him into *Rabſhack* and *Helgoſhob*, what e'er befals me.

Ger. Ragſhag? Sir, I underſtand theſe tongues leſs than Latin.

Doct. I'm ſorry for't, Sir; did you but know the ſweet ſound of Hebrew and Arabick, you would never ſpeak your mother-tongue again.

Ger. Sir, I like your diſcourſe well, only where you ſay, the heart lyes on the right-ſide, and the liver on the left; which is contrary to all Anatomiſts I ever heard of.

Doct. How ſhall I anſwer this? pox on him, he makes me ſweat. Why, Sir, it is true, that in time of health the heart lyes on the left-ſide, and in moſt diſeaſes too: but in dumbneſs, the heart by ſome ſtrong paſſion being turned, and whirled to the right-ſide, till by art it be returned and whirled back to the left, neither man nor woman can poſſibly ſpeak; and that is the poſitive cauſe of all dumbneſs.

Nur. O dear Doctor, I cry ſtill.

Jar. Is it come to dear Doctor now? is he your dear, you whore?

Nur. He is not yet, but he ſhall be you cuckold.

Jar. Cuckold? remember this.

Nur. I do remember thou art one, and I will remember to continue thee ſo.

Ger. Sir, I am well ſatisfied; now, if you pleaſe, let us proceed to the cure of my Daughter.

Doct. O, there's the point; why, there be ſeveral ways to cure, and twice as many ways to kill; for we Learned Phyſi-

cians

cians with too much ſtudie, have likely a worm in our heads, and when that worms wrigles, the mind alters; ſo that we change our faſhions as much in Phyſick, as the Court and Gentry do their cloaths: But come, get my Patient to her bed, and when ſhe's warm, give her a luſty doſe of Sops and Wine.

Ger. How, Sops and Wine! ſure that will make her drunk, Sir.

Doct. The better, Sir; for when people are drunk, they are apt to ſpeak their minds: I work by Natural Cauſes: you ſee by the vertue of Cakes and Wine how women tattle at a Goſſoping; no man ever knew a dumb woman at a Chriſtening or a Goſſoping, but ſhe talkt before ſhe went away.

Nur. The Doctors i'th' right, I'l be ſworn, I know it by experience: O brave Doctor.

Jar. Brave Doctor, i'faith proclaim your love with him.

Nur. By my troth ſo I will, with the firſt opportunity.

Doct. So lead her to bed, and let Nurſe drink with her to countenance her.

Nur. I will indeed, Mr. Doctor, I will be ſure to obey your commands.

Doct. And when you have drunk ſmartly, bring me word how it works Nurſe.

Jar. You ſhall be hang'd firſt, Doctor.

Doct. And be ſure Nurſe come alone ſtill, for you know ſhe may have ſomething to ſay to me, that is not fit for her husband to hear.

Jar. A pox on you, muſt my Maſter pimp for you too.

Ger. Pray you take your fee, Sir.

Doct. By no means; no cure, no money with me, Sir: but pray you be careful of my Patient, and be ſure to ſend Nurſe ſtill to me.

Jar. I muſt be a Cuckold, and cannot avoid it.

Ger. Sir, I ſhall ſend to you, but perhaps not Nurſe.

Jar. So, my Maſter is jealous of her, as well as I; now 'tis plain he got my child; how many points o'th' Compaſs am I a Cuckold?

Doct. I hope I ſhall make that Rogue mad for beating me.

Nur.

Nur. Your ſervant Mr. Doctor.

Doct. Your ſervant Nurſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leander, *and his Foot-boy.*

Lea. Boy, did Squire *Softhead* receive my note ſo cheerfully?

1 *Boy.* Yes, Sir, and withal he told me, he wonder'd that he heard not ſooner from you, being you know he was to marry your Miſtreſs.

Lea. Is he ſo brave? I ſhall the better digeſt my ruin, if I find honour in him, yet he with all his merits can never deſerve her; 'tis ſtrange if he ſhould fight, for they ſay he is a very aſs. O here he comes. [*Enter* Softhead *and his boy.*

Soft. Sirrah, yonder he is, will you be ſure to do as I bid you?

2 *Boy.* Yes, I warrant your worſhip.

Soft. Juſt when you ſee my veſt off, that's your time.

2 *Boy.* I'll be ſure to do it, Sir.

Lea. Save you, Sir.

Soft. Dam you, Sir; why? why the pox ſave me, Sir?

Lea. Becauſe your poor ſervant hath an occaſion to kill you, and ſend you to heaven. But why Dam me, Sir?

Soft. Becauſe your poor ſervant hath an occaſion to kill you, and ſend you to hell, Sir.

Lea. This is uncharitable language, from a dying man, as you are, Sir.

Soft. I ſcorn dying, I've an eſtate will keep me alive in ſpight of a Duel, Sir: I ſcorn but to be very charitable. Where wilt thou be buried fellow?

Lea. Let me be kill'd firſt, I pray you.

Soft. Nay, by the heart of a horſe, doubt not that, Sir; and if you'l have a Tomb-ſtone over you, write your Inſcription, and my Stone-cutter ſhall do it: Nay, I ſcorn but to be charitable, Sir.

Lea. Good rich Squire make your will, for dye you muſt.

Soft. What a pox ſhould I kill thee for, that has nothing to leave me for my pains?

Lea. Now you are not civil, Sir.

Soft. I ſcorn but to be as civil as any man.

Lea. You ſhall find me ſo too, for I'l ſee you buried in the flaxon your Grandam ſpun her ſelf, and left your worſhip for a winding ſheet.

Soft. And I'l be as civil to you, Sir; for I'l ſee you buried in Flannil: and, Sir, to ſhew my ſelf civil, if you have a mind not to fight at this weapon, I'l ſtay till you chuſe another; nay, if you have a mind not to fight at all, for civilities ſake, I'l have no mind to fight at all neither; I ſcorn to be behind hand in civility.

Lea. Now no more words, Sir, but ſtrip and take your fortune.

Soft. Pull off Boy: and, Sir, I muſt have you know, that I long as much to go out of this world honourably, as you to ſtay in it honourably.

2 *Boy.* This is my Q. I take it.

[Softheads *Boy runs away with his Maſters ſword.*

Soft. And to ſhew you, I kill you, Sir, meerly upon honour, and not upon malice; I lovingly imbrace you, Sir.

Lea. Imbrace an Aſs: leave your Fencers tricks, and take you to your ſword, Sir.

Soft. Then a pox on you, Sir; and give me my truſty ſword boy: how! the rogue is run away, and with my ſword too: why ſirrah, raskal, come back you treacherous rogue; come this muſt be your plot, Sir, to hire my boy to run away with my ſword, Sir: Why rogue, traytor to my honour, come back.

Lea. This ſhall not ſerve your turn Squire, my boy ſhall run and overtake him, I'l warrant you.

Soft. I ſcorn to be beholding to you, or your boy, Sir; I'l run and overtake him my ſelf, Sir; and I charge you upon honour to ſtay till I come back, Sir.

[*He runs off as faſt as he can.*

Lea. This is the neweſt coward I have known, he has cozen'd me; for as I live, I thought he would have fought, for he bore it up to the very point of danger: Sirrah, there's a Veſt for you, and run after him, and cudgel him, till he be all over black and blew.

1 *Boy.*

1 *Boy.* You could not have put me upon a better imployment, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Doctor.

Doct. By your favour, Sir, I was looking out at my window, and as I thought ſaw a Duel towards, ſo I came.

Lea. To prevent it?

Doct. No by my troth, Sir, my buſineſs is not to prevent wounds, but to cure 'em; where is the other that fought you? Nounze you have made quick diſpatch; have you kill'd him and buried him already?

Lea. No, he is gone very ſafe, and no wound about him, but that of his honour.

Doct. Was it not Squire *Softhead*, Sir?

Lea. It was ſo, Sir; and how he has behaved himſelf, you ſhall know anon. But, Sir, I gueſs you are the Doctor that undertakes the Dumb Lady.

Doct. I am ſo, Sir.

Lea. You'r happily come, Sir; for I have earneſt buſineſs with you.

Doct. Why I? the dulneſs of your eye ſhews you have, let ſee, let ſee, a very dangerous and nigh flying pulſe.

Lea. I am not ſick, Sir.

Doct. You are loth to confeſs; come I ſee you have a clap, Sir.

Lea. By my honour, not I, Sir.

Doct. Do not let it go too far, modeſty has ſpoil'd one half of the Town-Gallants, and too much confidence the other half; ſo that there's no hopes of any of you.

Lea. If you pleaſe, Sir, I ſhall acquaint you with my buſineſs; my name, Sir, is *Leander*, perhaps you may have heard of me.

Doct. I have heard of a Naval Knight, called Sir *Hero Leander*; are you the man I pray you?

Lea. You are merry, Sir, but my affair is ſerious; you have a dumb Lady your Patient, to whom I am a ſervant, and ſhe, Sir, has an equal love for me: now being by her father barr'd of all means of coming together.

Doct. You would have me do it, and ſo pimp for you.

Lea. Not pimp, Sir; but I would fain oblige you to befriend us.

Doct. Befriend us? a modeſt phraſe for pimping; I begin to find that phyſick is but one part of a Doctors trade, and I ſhall gain the Character of *Chaucers* Semſtriſs; for ſays he,

She keeps a ſhop for countenance;
But baudeth for her ſuſtenance.
So I ſhall phyſick give for countenance;
But pimping's my chief maintenance.

Lea. Sir, I know you may bring me to the ſpeech of her: I mean no pimping, Sir.

Doct. Whatever you mean, the thing is the ſame, Sir; for how can I help you to the ſpeech of her, but I muſt bring you together? and if I brng you together, what's that but pimping, Sir?

Lea. But I mean in the way of honeſty, Sir.

Doct. Honeſty? indeed I have heard 'twill make men rich and brave; but I never heard of honeſty in the caſe before: Sir, the profeſſion will not bear it: and would you make a pimp of a Phyſician? O moſt horrible indignity!

Lea. Pray you, Sir, be pacified, and let this ſhew you that I can be grateful. [*Gives him a purſe.*

Doct. Is there a fee belonging to that part of a Doctor too? I begin now to think that pimping is no ſuch ſcandalous thing as malicious men report it. Sir, you have given me ſuch ſtrong reaſons to think ſo well on't, that I believe none rail at it, but ſuch as would be glad of the imployment themſelves: And, Sir, as you call it, I will help you to the ſpeech of her, or befriend you, or pimp for you.

Lea. Your ſervant, Sir; I muſt now reveal a ſecret to you; you muſt know, Sir, the Lady fains this dumbneſs for love of me, and to avoid marriage with this Squire *Softhead.*

Doct. I knew there was ſome trick in't, 'twere impoſſible elſe, either by Nature, Art, or misfortune, a woman ſhould be dumb; for take a womans tongue, and pluck it up by the roots,

roots, I'm ſure in an hour another would grow i'th' room on't. But come, Sir, you ſhall ſhift you, and paſs for my Apothecary.

Lea. That I think an excellent way, and nothing better.

Doct. We cannot miſs to cure her now, I ſhall get credit as I am her Phyſician, and money as I your bringer together, or your pimping friend.

Thus ſhall I be your Advocate and Protector, [*Ring.*
And venerably call'd both Baud and Doctor.

Finis Act. II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Doctor, Leander *like an Apothecary.*

Lea. THis habit will paſs me for an Apothecary, I only want ſome of their canting phraſes.

Doct. Why, faith you are as well qualified for an Apothecary, as I am for a Phyſician; you have truſted me with your heart, and now I'll truſt you with my ſimplicity: I am no Doctor, but was forc'd to own being one; why, and how, I'll tell you hereafter; but having ſerved a Mountebank, that and my great ſhare in impudence, has made me famous.

Lea. Is it poſſible impudence ſhould have ſuch vertuous effects?

Doct. Yes, yet ſome men rail at impudence, and ſpeak it vitious, when the Jeſt is, they that rail moſt at it, make moſt uſe on't: 'tis doubtleſs the greateſt bleſſing in the world, and moſt men do their buſineſs by it.

Lea.

Lea. But if you be ſo ignorant, ſure impudence ſhould not bear you out, eſpecially in this learned Profeſſion.

Doct. O, Sir, it is the ſecureſt cloak for ignorance of all Arts: other Profeſſions are lyable to miſcarriages and queſtionable: but the Phyſician may kill from the Fool to the Senator, from the Beggar to the Bloud-Royal, and ne'er be call'd in queſtion; the dead was never ſo uncivil yet, as to come out o'th' other world to complain of the Phyſician.

Lea. 'Tis a ſign they're civily us'd where they are: But do you not ſtudie at all?

Doct. It needs not, for the great ſtudie of Phyſick is come to nothing now but letting Bloud; and it falls out well for me that am a down-right Farrier.

Lea. How, is your real Profeſſion a Farrier?

Doct. Yes faith, and with the ſame Fleams I let Horſes bloud, I uſe my Patients to; and the horſes drench is the potion I give to men, and I cure more than I kill; ſo that I am the only Doctor that has found out horſe and man to be of one conſtitution.

Lea. But how comes letting of bloud ſo much in faſhion?

Doct. O, Sir, 'tis Alamode *Paris*; if your corn does but ake againſt rain, what ſays the Doctor? Let him bloud: Nay, if you be troubled in Conſcience, they'l let you bloud for that too

Lea. They let not bloud for the Small-pox, I hope.

Doct. But they do; and 'tis the opinion of *Padua*, that 'tis as ſure a way to kill, as an old woman and Saffron is to cure.

Lea. How came you by that Velvet Coat?

Enter a Seamans wife, a Country-man with an Urinal, and an Apprentice with an Urinal, with other Patients.

Doct. O here come Patients; mark my confidence: good people one at once, let the woman be ſerved firſt; Now woman what want you?

[*They preſs to the Doct.*

Wife. That that no bodie can help me to, the worſe luck, Sir; I am a Seamans wife, Sir, that has been married this dozen years, and I have never a child, and pleaſe you, and I would fain have a child, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. And would'ſt thou have me get it?

Wife. I would fain have your worſhip give me ſomething that will, Sir.

Doct. By my troth I have nothing about me at this time can do it: Why, look thou ſend thy husband to Sea, that often make the wife fruitful.

Wife. A lack, Sir, I have tryed all ways both by Sea and Land, and nothing will help me.

Doct. I do preſcribe thee a luſty Wine-porter, and he ſhall be thy gallant.

Wife. And it pleaſe your worſhip, I have tryed your gallant, and your top-gallant, and your top and top-gallant, and all will do no good, Sir.

Doct. By my troth, go try the main-yard too; and if that fail thee, thou'rt a barren woman of a certain: but come i'th' evening to me, after a glaſs of Wine I may have ſomething to help thee. [*Exit woman.*

Count. And it pleaſe your worſhip, I am a poor man.

Doct. I have never a Medicine for that diſeaſe: Prethee be gone fellow.

Count. My wife, and it pleaſe you, lies dangerouſly ſick.

Doct. If thou be'ſt poor, trouble thy ſelf no further, ſhe'll dye of a certain: but art thou ſo poor thou canſt not come to the point?

Count. I would intreat your worſhip to viſit her; and here's an old angel for you.

Doct. This is but one of the points, there's two and thirty in the Compaſs, fellow; however I'll come ſee her: ſhe rules the roaſt when ſhe has her health, does ſhe not?

Count. I, but too much to my ſorrow, Sir.

Doct. Thou haſt a ſtable, haſt thou not?

Count. Yes, and it pleaſe you.

Doct. Then take me your wife, and tye her up to the Rack-ſtaves; and be ſure you give her no hay, for I mean to bloud her and drench her.

Count. Why, Sir? that's as I ſerve my horſe when he is ſick.

Doct.

Doct. But I know thou'rt a hen-peckt fellow, and ſuch women as do command in chief, I phyſick them as I do horſes, and all little enough too: but firſt take her and ride her off on her legs.

Count. That's more than I and your worſhip to help me can do, Sir: But I hope your worſhip will come. [*Exit poor man.*

Doct. Yes, yes. What are you, Sir?

Prent. A Prentice, Sir, that has brought my Mrs. water, Sir.

Doct. Has your Mrs. ne'er a Maid, but ſhe muſt ſend her water by her Prentice? a fooliſh cuſtom, I cannot break 'em on't; let me ſee, but are you ſure this is your Mrs. water?

Prent. Yes, and it pleaſe your worſhip.

Doct. How ſure are you? did you ſee her make it?

Prent. I did not ſee her make it, but, and it pleaſe you, I heard her make it.

Doct. Why, I find by thy Mrs. water friend, that thou art almoſt out of thy time.

Prent. Yes truly, within three months, and it pleaſe you.

Doct. I knew it; why here is twenty viſible things in this water; your Maſter is out of Town about a purchaſe, is he not?

Prent. Yes, and it pleaſe your worſhip.

Doct. And you are removed out o'th' Garret to lye in the next room to your Mrs. to keep ſpirits from her, are you not?

Prent. By my troth, and ſo I am, and it pleaſe your worſhip.

Doct. The water ſhews it plainly; hold, ha, I find your Mrs. is apt to dream much, and is frighted, and walks in her ſleep, and comes to your chamber to be awakened, does ſhe not?

Prent. By my truly, ſhe has been ſo troubled with theſe frights ſince my Maſters abſence, that I have never had a good nights reſt ſince he went; for ſhe'l come in her ſleep, and throw her ſelf upon my bed; and then I lye as ſtill as can be, and then ſhe riſes like a mad woman, and throws all the clothes off, and makes ſuch work with me, that I'm aſhamed

aſhamed your worſhip ſhould know it, then tell her on't the next day, and ſhe runs away and laughs at me.

Doct. I know her diſeaſe, commend me to thy Mrs; and tell her, becauſe I'll make a perfect cure on't, I'll come and lye in the next room to her my ſelf, and thou ſhalt go into the Garet again.

Prent. And it pleaſe your worſhip, my Mrs. perhaps may not like that ſo well, Sir.

Doct. She will like it I know; 'tis variety muſt recover her, go tell her I'll not fail her. [*Exit Prentice.*

Lea. Here comes Squire *Softhead*, that ran away with a trick to ſave his honour.

Doct. I ſee your boy has cudgel'd him to ſome purpoſe.

Soft. Save you Doctor, a word in private, can you keep a ſecret?

Doct. 'Tis the firſt point of my Profeſſion, ſecreſie.

Soft. Diſpatch that fellow out o'th' way quickly then.

Doct. He is my Apothecary, and as much to be truſted as I am: But how came your face ſo?

Soft. Honourably of my ſide, you muſt know I have fought a Duel with a damn'd coward, a raskal call'd *Leander*.

Lea. Now muſt I be abus'd, and dare not take notice on't: But, Sir, is it poſſible *Leander* ſhould be ſuch a coward?

Soft. Do you know him, Sir?

Lea. Very well, Sir.

Soft. Is he your frend, Sir? if he be, I am ſorry I ſaid ſo of him, Sir; but if he be not your friend, he is a coward, and I'll juſtifie it, and a raskal, and I'll maintain it; yet, Sir, if you have the leaſt relation to him, I ſhall be very ready to eat my words, rather than diſoblige you.

Lea. Sir, he is neither relation nor friend of mine, neither care I a farthing for him, Sir.

Soft. Then he's the ſon of a whore, and I'll tell you how he ſerved me: juſt when we were ſtript, and ready to go to it, the baſe raskal hired my boy it ſeems to run away with my ſword.

Doct. That was baſe indeed.

Lea. I cannot believe ſo unworthy a thing of him.

Soft. Rather than offend any man; I'l ſay I hired my boy my ſelf to run away with my ſword, I can be no civiler, Sir.

Lea. Rather than ſo, I will believe *Leander* did it, Sir.

Soft. Sir, I thank you heartily, and I will juſtifie all that *Mandevil* or *Coriat* writ for your ſake, ſo you believe it your ſelf, Sir.

Doct. But how was the Duel, if the boy ran away with your ſword?

Soft. Why, I ran after him, got my ſword, and came honourably to him again, and I drive him honourably round the field; and all that while his boy got behind me diſhonourably, and cudgel'd me damnably, that I am aſham'd it ſhould be known.

Lea. Nay, Sir, it ſhall ne'er be known for us, but if the boy cudgel'd you behind, how came you thus black and blew before?

Soft. Why, he beat my head and ſhoulders ſo diveliſhly, that it came quite through to th' other ſide, that my face is all over *Coventrey* blew: therefore good Doctor, report I am your patient and deſperately wounded, and there's twenty pound, and I'l have a Red Scarf with a great fringe about my arm, methinks that looks valiantly; and here is a ſword has been up to the hilts in bloud; and if you hear *Leander* be kill'd, not a word who did it on your lives.

Lea. Sir, to tell you true, we came juſt now from dreſſing of *Leanders* wounds; and to be plain with you, if you did it, your life is in danger; for he cannot live above two dreſſings more.

Doct. Therefore, if you would eſcape hanging, flee your Country.

Soft. Heart of a Horſe, I did neither wound him, nor kill him.

Lea. No, did you not confeſs juſt now you did? beſides your ſword is all bloudie up to the hilts, which will hang you, if there were no other witneſs in the world.

Soft. Heart of a horſe, I ſhall be hang'd with a trick of my own.

Doct.

Doct. I'l get money out of him; Sir, we can do leſs than ſend for a Conſtable and apprehend you.

Soft. O dear Doctor, thou wilt not be ſuch a raskal, I hope.

Doct. I'l be reveng'd of you for beating of me into a Doctor, when I had a mind to conceal my parts: therefore get me a Conſtable.

Soft. I am diſgraced, and diſhonour'd, if you do, and that's all you can do to take away the reputation of a poor Squire; for I did not kill *Leander.*

Lea. Why, how came your ſword ſo bloudie?

Soft. If you muſt needs know, 'twas with killing of a ſheep, Sir.

Doct. A ſheep? why, are you not aſham'd, as you are a Squire to own that?

Soft. There's no ſhame in it, Sir; for 'twas a Ram-ſheep, Sir, and he aſſaulted me; and in my own defence, I kill'd him honourably and fairly.

Doct. This excuſe will not ſerve, for *Leander* is dying, and we muſt apprehend you.

Soft. Since you are ſuch a raskal, I'l give you a hundred pound to conceal all that I have ſaid.

Doct. Tell us the whole truth of your Duel, and give me two hundred pound, as you did for the laſt man you kill'd in *Ploto*'s great year.

Soft. A pox of your *Plato*, and your two hundred pound: but ſince there's no remedy, you ſhall have it, Sir.

Lea. And withal tell us the truth of your Duel, and we'l ſwear to be true to you.

Soft. Why then by the heart of a horſe we fought not one ſtroke, but my boy ran away with my ſword, as I contrived it, and I ſeemed to run after him to fetch it again, and ſo ran quite out o'th' field. And this is the truth by the heart of a horſe; then *Leanders* boy ran after me, and cudgel'd me, as you ſee, *Coventrey* wiſe.

Doct. Well, Sir, go into my chamber, and ſend for your money, and I'l releaſe you, and keep your counſel faithfully.

Soft. To give a Phyſician two hundred pounds, and not ſo much as one clap cured for it; O diſhonour to true Squire-hood for ever more. [*Exit* Soft.

Doct. Slid Pothecary, here is my wife, I'm reſolv'd I will not own the quean; for firſt ſhe'l obſtruct our deſign, next I owe her a revenge: Hark you, we muſt have ſome device to be rid of her. [*Enter* Iſabel. [*Whiſpers.*

Lea. I underſtand you very well.

Iſa. Save your worſhip.

Lea. Would you ſpeak with any body here woman?

Iſa. Pray tell his Doctorſhips worſhip, that here's his wife.

Lea. Alas poor woman, his worſhip has ne'er a wife.

Iſa. Who told you ſo? were you by when his worſhip was unmarried again? I muſt and will make bold to ſpeak to him. Good Doctor dog-bolt, how long have you been worſhipful?

Doct. Feel her pulſe, feel her pulſe Pothecary.

Iſa. I'l take you over the face, if you feel any thing about me, you beaſtly fellow.

Lea. Prethee be gone, woman; for I aſſure thee Doctor *Drench* has ne'er a wife.

Iſa. But there is a horſe Doctor *Drench* a Farrier that has a wife.

Doct. I, the Farrier *Drench* may have a wife; but I aſſure thee Doctor *Drench* has none, therefore be gone woman.

Iſa. Are you too proud to own your wife, you ungrateful raskal? who made you a Doctor, but my invention and a good cudgel? I'l ſpoil your trade of phyſick, ſirrah.

Doct. Now is your time Pothecary to be rid of her.

Lea. 'Tis enough: But Doctor do you hear the ſtrange news that's abroad?

Iſa. O lack, what news is it, I beſeech you, good Sir?

Lea. I do not ſpe ak to thee woman.

Doct. Well, what is it?

Lea. It ſeems there is an Edict made, and it goes very hard with poor women, I confeſs.

Iſa.

Iſa. Now good Sir, as ever you came of a woman, tell me quickly what it is.

Lea. I will not tell my tale to the woman.

Doct. Then tell me, I pray you.

Lea. Why, Sir, there is a new Edict made, that no woman upon pain of death, under ſuch a degree or quality, ſhall preſume to have a gallant, or any man but her own husband.

Iſa. And all this upon pain of death? 'Slife, who would not be a rebel at this rate?

Lea. You ſay very true; and upon this hard uſage, there are twenty thouſand women in arms, and have made a formal Remonſtrance, wherein they declare for the priviledge of the She-ſubject, and will live and die for the free-born women of *England*.

Iſa. Ten thouſand bleſſings upon them; where are they, I beſeech you, Sir.

Lea. They'r drawn up upon *Hounſlow*-heath, and are now marching to beſiege *Winſor* Caſtle.

Iſa. Though I ſell all I have, and undo my children, I'l have a Regiment whatſoever it coſt me. [*Exit* Iſabel.

Doct. I ſaw the Cadge ſtand open by the Stocks, throw this purſe into't, and ſay I ſent it; and when ſhe is in, lock the door, and bid the boys whoot at her, and call her baud, and then I am reveng'd for her beating ſhe procured me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. I find the Doctor has a mind to gallant me, he has ſuch a winning way with him, he ſwears 'tis a thouſand pities ſuch a raskal as my husband ſhould e'er enjoy me, and ſuch like fine terms, that 'tis hard I ſwear to withſtand him: But yet ones honeſty; why, I confeſs honeſty's a fine thing to read of in a Romance: But I do not find the practice of it ſo followed, as to make it a faſhion; therefore if Doctor's love hold, I ſhall, I ſhall, I cannot help it husband, I ſhall.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Nurſe, how happy am I to meet with thee alone? a rogue, methinks I could e'en run through thee now.

Nur.

Nur. I, ſo ye all ſay; but I am ſure I could never ſee it yet.

Doct. Now good Nurſe grant me my ſuit.

Nur. Truly Doctor ſo I would, if it were not for my honeſty.

Doct. Thou fool, there is no ſuch thing as honeſty: the word honeſty is a meer bugbear that jealous husbands invented to keep women in awe with, as raw-head and bloudy bones frights children, that's all i'faith.

Nur. But is it poſſible that ſhould be true, Doctor?

Doct. Nurſe, it is ſo true, that I'l ſhew thee a reverend book, called St. *Aratines*, where you ſhall be convinced, there's no ſuch thing as honeſty.

Nur. Say you ſo; nay then, dear Doctor, give me phyſick. Here comes my husband, what woman's that with him?

Enter Jarvis *and* Iſab.

Doct. 'Tis a Patient of mine that has twenty diſeaſes beſides a Neapoliton pox.

Nur. What diſeaſe is that Doctor?

Doct. 'Tis a new faſhion'd diſeaſe came freſh with the laſt Packet.

Nur. Have we not old faſhion'd diſeaſes enough of our own, but we muſt ſend for new ones over?

Jar. What a villain is this Doctor? firſt not to own his wife, next with a trick to trapan you into the Cadge; then make the boys throw dirt at you, and call you baud: But why do you weep?

Iſa. To think that ever I ſhould live to be call'd baud; if he had call'd me whore, 'twould ne'er have vext me; but to be call'd baud, is to be thought an old woman unworthy of copulation.

Jar. Troth malicious people may call you baud, but I proteſt I think you far worthy to be call'd whore; therefore pray you wipe your eyes.

Iſa. I thank you for your good opinion howſoever.

Jar. If it pleaſe you, Madam, I'l make my opinion good.

Nur. Here is a rogue to be jealous of his wife, and yet play the whore-maſter himſelf.

Iſa.

Iſa. Look you, there's Doctor Devil for you that will not own his wife.

Jar. And my wife with him, take no notice of them, I believe he has made me a Cuckold of all colours, of the red, and the green, the yellow, and the blew bed: A pox on him, faith be reveng'd, and make his caps too little for him.

Iſa. By my gallant ſo I would, if it were not for my honour.

Jar. Honour? I'l not come near your honour, that's an ayrie thing, that lies i'th' crown of your head, my requeſt lies lower quite another way.

Iſa. Look, look, how familiar Doctor dog is yonder; O for revenge.

Jar. A pox on him, I'm not able to indure this, go you in there: Are you in your cloſet, Sir? if you be, [*Exit* Iſa. come out and ſee a fine ſight quickly, Sir: O look, look this curſed Doctor.

Nur. We had need be careful of our credits, Doctor; for the world is grown ſo baſe, that if they ſhould but ſee a man and a woman in bed together, they would ſwear they were naught ſtraight.

Doct. Fear nothing Nurſe. [*Kiſſes her.*

Jar. Look, look, look, I am no Cuckold to ſpeak on.

Enter Ger.

Ger. Is it ſo; what a falſe quean is this to uſe me thus?

Jar. Uſe you thus, Sir? 'tis uſe me thus, with your favour: Slid, why are you concern'd? 'tis I am the Cuckold, Sir.

Nur. Slid Doctor, my Maſter ſees us kiſſing, I am utterly undone.

Doct. Feign your ſelf in a ſound, and I'l ſeem to rub you to fetch you to life again: Alak, help, help, who's within there, help. O, are you there, Sir? good Sir, run for a glaſs of cold water, I have much ado to keep life in her.

Ger. I, with all my heart, and glad 'tis no worſe. [*Exit* Ger.

Jar. Why the Devil muſt he fetch water? why could he not have ſent me, I find I ſhall be the ſtaple Cuckold for all the Kingdom.

Nur.

Nur. What a raskal art thou to fetch my Maſter?

Jar. O you counterfeit quean, you are not in a ſound then.

Nur. No, you jealous rogue, but I'l counterfeit again as ſoon as my Maſter comes, and he ſhall believe it too.

Doct. Here he comes, fall into your ſound again quick.

Enter Ger.

Ger. Here, here, alack poor Nurſe, ſhe does uſe to have fits.

Jar. I, a pox on her, more than e'er her mother had; Sir, give her no water, ſhe counterfeits, ſhe ſpoke as ſenſibly ſince you went as ever ſhe did; deny it Doctor if you can.

Doct. What an uncharitable villain art thou to forge ſuch a wicked lie? this rogue is made ſure. [*Gives her water.*

Ger. Come you wicked knave, and help to lead her to her bed, you'l never leave your jealouſie.

[*Servants and* Jarvis *lead her off.*

Jar. Oh, oh, oh, ſhe'l pull my ear off, Sir.

Doct. That's a ſign of a ſtrong fit, Sir, but lay her upon her bed, and ſhe'l recover. Slid, Sir, I was never ſo ſurpriſed in my life; I was conſulting with Nurſe about your daughters health, and all o'th' ſudden ſhe fell into my arms in a ſound: But now for your daughter, Sir.

Ger. Diſpatch and bring my Daughter hither with all care.

Doct. And good Sirs, bid my Apothecary come in.

Ger. What Apothecary is it, Sir? cannot you cure her without an Apothecary?

Doct. No, Sir; you ſpeak as if you were jealous.

Ger. Not jealous, Sir, but I love to know who comes in my houſe.

Doct. Neither Apothecary nor Doctor ſhall trouble you; ſo fare you well, and cure your daughter your ſelf, Sir.

Ger. Nay ſweet Doctor, leave me not in this diſtreſs.

Doct. Be not jealous then.

Ger. Be not angry then. Hey ho, Doctor, my heart miſgives me that my child will be ſtoln.

Enter Apothecary.

Doct. I'l warrant you, whilſt I am in your houſe. He ſmoaks us I doubt.

Ger.

Ger. I thank you, Sir; is this your Apothecary?

Doct. Yes, Sir.

Ger. What the reaſon may be, I know not, but my heart riſes at him, though I never ſaw him before.

Doct. You make your life miſerable with fooliſh phantaſms: Pray, Sir, bid him welcome.

Ger. Why you'r welcome, Sir; but to tell you truly, I like you not.

Apot. If you pleaſe, I'l be gone, Sir. Do you think he has no hint of our deſign?

Doct. No, no: Nay, Sir, if he go, I'l go with him.

Ger. Nay, I beſeech you both ſtay, for I doubt my child is dying. O here ſhe comes, good Sir, look upon her.

[Olinda *in a Couch, two women.*

Doct. Apothecary, feel her pulſe.

Ger. Is not that your office, Sir?

Doct. Yet again? why, he is the moſt learned man in *Europe*, and to my ſhame I find, I cannot cure her without him; go, go, feel her pulſe.

Apot. I fear my over joy will diſcover me.

Doct. Mean time I'l tell you, Sir; 'tis a great queſtion amongſt we learned of *Padua*, whether men or women be hardeſt to cure; ſome are of one opinion, ſome another; mean time there be potent Arguments on either ſide.

Ger. He is very long feeling her pulſe methinks.

Doct. Pray you mind you me, Sir; firſt we hold, that women being naturally more cold than men, and cold being an enemy to life, it follows their cure muſt needs be more difficult and dangerous.

Ger. How many pulſes has ſhe to feel that he is thus long about it?

Doct. You do not mark me, Sir; I do not love to be ſlighted when I'm in argument.

Ger. I do mark you, Sir.

Doct. Then I ſay 'tis generally held at *Padua*, that women, when they take phyſick, ought to have their potions much more ſtronger than men, becauſe phyſick cannot work ſo well

upon cold and phlegmatick bodies, as upon hot and dry: You do not hear me, Sir.

Ger. They'r very close together methinks.

Doct. A sign he minds his business: and this was the opinion of the great *Cham* of *Tartar*'s chief Physician, that was fellow-student with me at *Padua*.

Ger. A pox of your great *Cham*, I must know why he dwells thus long upon her pulse; have you conveyed no Letters to her, Sir?

Doct. What an uncivil question's that? Come Pothecary, let your Daughter die, and you perish; the world shall never make me visit her again.

Ger. Dear Doctor, do not leave me in this extremity. Mr. Pothecary, will you be my overthrow too?

Apot. I'l do no man service that affronts me thus.

Ger. Good Gentlemen bear with an old mans passion: good Mr. Apothecary go to my child again.

Apot. No, not I, Sir, I shall but convey Letters.

Ger. Nay then you'r cruel, I beseech your pardons Gentlemen.

Doct. Well Sir, we see it is your weakness, and we pass it over; go to your Daughter whilst we consult a little: we must press to have her to your house to cure her.

Apot. Good, and if he refuses that, I'l perswade her to counterfeit madness; I have a design in't.

Doct. And that she may appear the more mad, let her tear all her cloaths off; for a mad woman naked has such antick temptations.

Apot. I should be loth any man should see her naked but my self, Doctor.

Ger. Well, Gentlemen, what have you concluded of?

Doct. Sir, he must feel if he can discover of what side her heart lies: I'l keep him in discourse the mean while.

Ger. Must he feel her heart, Doctor? still it runs in my mind, this Apothecary will do me a mischief: nay, be not angry.

Doct. Nay, I forgive you, I see an old man's twice a child, pray

pray you walk into the next room, I muſt talk in private with you.

Ger. I ſhould ſound, if I ſhould leave my child with the Apothecary.

Doct. Let's talk here then, for look you, Sir.

[*They walk and ſeem to talk earneſtly.*

Olin. I'l obſerve all your directions; for if he will not let me go to your houſe, he ſhall find me mad enough, doubt not.

Apot. You ſee how jealous he is, therefore we have no other hopes of injoyment left but by this means.

Olin. I'll do my part, fear not.

Ger. Sure he feels ſomething more than her heart all this while.

Doct. If there be occaſion, we muſt ſtick at nothing.

Apot. Why, Sir, according to your opinion, I have found her heart on her right-ſide.

Ger. Moſt wonderful! pray you what may be the reaſon, Gentlemen?

Apot. Love is certainly the cauſe on't, and for her cure, this is no place of convenience, therefore ſhe muſt be removed to my houſe.

Ger. To thy houſe thou wicked fellow? I told thee at my firſt ſight of thee, I did not like thee.

Apot. But there is all things ready that cannot be removed hither, Sir; my Tubs, my Baths, and my Sweating-houſe.

Ger. I like it not, it is a plot to ſteal my child, I doubt ſo: Nay, be not angry, Gentlemen, I do but doubt ſo.

Doct. You would make a man forſwear doing you any ſervice.

Ger. I crave your pardons once more; is there no art left to make her ſpeak?

Doct. Yes, I could make her ſpeak preſently, but I doubt it will be but wildly, Sir, for love has ſhak'd her brain exceedingly.

Ger. Let me have the comfort to hear her ſpeak of any faſhion, good Mr. Doctor.

Apot. You ſhall, Sir; pray you Madam chaw that in your mouth: Sir, you ſhall ſee the effects of it ſtraight: before you ſpeak, put out your tongue, and wag it two or three times.

[*He imbraces her.*

Olin. Let me alone, I'l do any thing to purchaſe thee my dear *Leander.*

Ger. Why does he imbrace her ſo? I do not like it, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis ſomething in order to her cure: I think you're mad, Sir; you'l ſpoil all, he is but ſhaking her heart right.

Ger. I'm ſure he ſhakes mine every time he touches her.

Olin. A, a, a, a, a. [*She riſes up and ſtares, and wags her tongue.*

Ger. O bleſs my child.

Doct. Be comforted, Sir, for now it works.

Olin. A, a, a, a, a.

Ger. Is this your working? the Devil work, my child is undone.

Doct. Nay, now her tongue wags, ſhe'l not be long ere ſhe ſpeak, fear not.

Olin. Who are all you, Sirs?

Ger. She ſpeaks, ſhe ſpeaks, make me thankful to you for it, worthy Mr. Doctor and Apothecary.

Olin. What art thou? whence cameſt thou? and whither wouldſt thou?

Ger. O me, I fear my child's diſtracted.

Doct. I told you, Sir, her ſence was a little ſhaken.

Olin. Pray you, is not that the Devil in black, Sir?

Doct. No, I'm but a Doctor yet Madam, I ſhall not take my degree of Devil this ſeven years.

Apot. Yet if you pleaſe Madam, he ſhall commence Devil preſently.

Olin. Then good Doctor Devil, for you ſhall loſe none of your titles here, Sir, help me to tear that beard of that old wrinkled weather-beaten tan'd old face.

Ger. I am thy father, child.

Olin. I hope thou art not, I'd rather be a baſtard than have thy ill nature in me.

Ger. I am thy old father, child.

Olin.

Olin. I hate any thing that's old.

Ger. Wilt thou break thy old fathers heart?

Olin. Nay, that that's more precious to me than my father, which is my dear looking-glaſs, I would break that, if it were old; for ſure the Devil invented old people on purpoſe to croſs young lovers; they could ne'er have been ſo cruel elſe to poor *Leander.*

Ger. My child is undone, ſhe weeps for *Leander.*

Olin. Yes, and will weep again and again for *Leander: Leander, Leander, Leander,* why you do not love *Leander*; for which ſin, good Doctor Divel take him into your Territories, and let him fall deſperately in love with a young She-devil, and let that She-devil have a croſs father, that will not let them come together, and then he'l feel the torment his poor child indures.

Ger. Doctor, this has too much ſence and ſatyre in't to be madneſs.

Doct. O, Sir, 'tis madneſs to a high degree, and dangerous madneſs too.

Olin. You look like *Leander*, Sir, you are ſo young and handſome, ſure you are *Leander.*

Apot. Yes, Madam, I am ſo.

Ger. No, no, no Pothecary, do not ſay ſo I charge you what does he mean by holding up his finger ſo impudently?

[*He beckons.*

Doct. He makes ſigns to let you know he muſt ſay as ſhe ſays to pleaſe her; for in *Padua* we deal with mad folks like thoſe that catch Dottrils; when they ſtretch out a wing, we muſt ſtretch out an arm; if they ſtretch out a leg, you muſt do ſo too: elſe if we ſhould croſs her, ſhe may fall into a raging fit, and tear us all to pieces.

Ger. O moſt accurſed madneſs!

Olin. Why would you abſent your ſelf ſo long *Leander?* why lay you not your roſie cheek to mine, and throw your arms with ſweet imbraces about your lover: I doubt you're falſe *Leander.*

Apot. Madam, may the earth open as I kneel, and make me

an

an example of falſhood, if any unconſtant thought be in me.

Ger. Why villain, Pothecary, talk no more ſo to her: why the Devil does he kneel? he ſpeaks as feelingly, as if he were concern'd.

Doct. Sir, there is no other way on earth to cure her but this.

Ger. The remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe; come from her Pothecary, I told thee at firſt I did not like thee, I have a natural averſion againſt thee; confeſs, for I know thou art to do me a miſchief: why were you ſo concern'd to kneel and make ſuch proteſtations.

Apot. By my life, Sir, I did it to pleaſe and to ſatisfie her, for ſhe doubted I was falſe, and I ſwore I was not: alas, Sir, we muſt take theſe courſes to recover her by ſaying as ſhe ſays; for phyſick has the leaſt hand in curing madneſs, I have cured twenty mad people this way.

Ger. Well, Sir, you have a little ſatisfied me, and with reaſon too; but yet there is ſomething within me that hates thee heartily.

Apot. Well, Sir, when I have cured your daughter, I hope you'l have a better opinion of me. [*Act ready.*

Ger. I may of your Art, but never of you, I doubt; for thy conſcience knows thou art to cozen me; nay, do not tell the Doctor ſo. [*He offers to go to the Doctor.*

Doct. Troth Lady, you are ſo fine a mad woman, that 'tis a thouſand pities you ſhould e'er come to your ſelf again; faith for a frolick take me by th' ears, and lead me round the room.

Olin. If you will have it ſo Doctor, but I ſhall make you repent it: I have him, I have him; and now I'l tear him all to pieces.

Ger. O ſave the Doctor, ſave the Doctor.

Apot. Sweet Lady ſpare the Doctor, I'm your friend *Leander*, Madam.

Olin. I will do any thing for *Leander*; but you muſt ſtay and live with me then.

Apot.

Apot. You ſee, Sir, how very calm the very name *Leander* has made her: troth, Sir, I doubt you muſt be forc'd to ſend for *Leander.*

Doct. I doubt we cannot cure her without him.

Ger. She ſhall die mad firſt, and I'll die with her; this is a plot, carry my child to her chamber; get out of my houſe you Villains.

Enter ſervants, Nurſe.

Doct. You ſhall lay your hands under our feet before we come under your unworthy roof again.

[*Exeunt Doctor and Apothecary.*

Olin. Let me go with *Leander, Leander, Leander.*

[*Exit Lady, ſhe tears them.*

Nur. You have made a fine hand to make my Miſtreſs thus mad; I'll weary you out of your life for this.

Ger. You are very bold with your Maſter, Nurſe.

Nur. There's an Engliſh Proverb ſays, If you lie with your Maid, ſhe'll take a ſtool and ſit down by her Maſter.

Ger. Well, well, I ſay again, ſhe ſhall never marry but the Squire.

Nur. She ſhall never marry your fool *Softhead,*
She ſhall firſt marchandiſe her Maiden-head.

Finis Act. III.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Olinda *and Mrs.* Nibby.

Olin. NO dear couſin, I was not dumb, nor am I mad, I have truſted you with my love, and in that my life.

Nib. Dear Couſin, doubt me not; when I am falſe to you, may I miſcarry in my own Amours: but pray you Couz, how came you by this lover *Leander*? for none o'th' houſe knows him.

Olin. Truly Couz I never ſaw him but at Church.

Nib. A very good place to make love in.

Olin. Indeed, I have found it ſo, the firſt time I ſaw him was ſix Pews from me, the next time he ſate within two, and there he warm'd my heart: the next after he ſate i'th' ſame Pew with me; and 'twas ſo ordered betwixt him and the Pew-keeper, that none ſate with us, and there we loved, and there we plighted troth.

Nib. I find a Pew-keeper is a worthy friend to love, and for ſixpence you may ſit with whom you pleaſe, and court whom you pleaſe i'th' Church: It was handſomely contrived of your Lover though, to come with the Doctor as his Apothecary; but what made him perſwade you to counterfeit madneſs?

Olin. He has a deſign in't but had not time to tell me; my father has turn'd the Doctor off you ſee, therefore Couz you muſt go to him.

Nib. He'l find ſome ſtratagem to ſee you again, fear not; if not, I'l go to him: but come Couz, now lets laugh at the Duel, that the Squires foot-boy told us of his Maſter.

Olin.

Olin. I, he found it ſafer killing of a ſheep than *Leander.*

Nib. No doubt on't: your father's bringing of him in to woo you again; fall to your madneſs, and let me alone to diſpoſe of the Squire; I'l have him drawn up with an Engine, and there he ſhall hang i'th' Air in a Cradle till you'r married, or run away: Here they come, let us withdraw a little.

[*Exeunt* Olinda, Nib.

Enter Ger. *and* Softhead.

Ger. But how came your face thus black and blew, and thus black patch'd? I never ſaw a Ladies face thus furniſhed.

Soft. They may be thus furniſh'd when they pleaſe; but they ſhall never come ſo honourably by their black patches as I have done.

Ger. Pray you how came you by them?

Soft. Do you take theſe for patches? O dull old age! theſe are badges, badges of honour: look you my ſword is glazed with honour too; but you ſhall ne'er know how, it has coſt me two hundred pounds already confeſſing.

Ger. I know it already, Sir; but Squire, I fear you did not court my Daughter handſomely; what ſaid you when you wooed her?

Soft. I wooed her with all the faſhionable queſtions of the Town; I askt her if ſhe could come a ſeven, and ſhe laught at me; then I askt her if ſhe would come the caſter, and I'd cover her: no man could ſay fairer to his Miſtriſs I think; then I askt her if ſhe could drink Burgundy, and ſeal Bonds, pay the price of a Chine of Beef, for a diſh of French Trotters; and that's all I ſaid to her.

Ger. I would thou hadſt more wit, or I thy precious Acres. Who's there?

Ser. Sir?

Ger. Bid them bring in my Daughter, if ſhe be awake; I hope ſhe may take you for *Leander*; for ſhe is now out of her dumbneſs, and is fain ſtark mad.

Soft. How, can ſhe ſpeak? and is ſhe mad? Heart of a horſe, I'l be mad with her for a hundred pound: O I do ſo love to be mad; and will ſhe be drunk too?

Ger. Drunk you bruit you? no.

Soft. Why, how can ſhe be mad then? I cannot be mad till I'm drunk, for my life; but I'l try what I can do.

Ger. But be ſure you humour her, and ſay every thing as ſhe ſays.

Soft. Let me alone, here ſhe comes: Slid how delicately ſhe ſtares.

Enter Olinda, Nib. *Nurſe and Servants.*

Olin. What's that with the pye-bauld face? how cameſt thou ſo diſtracted, thou errand Knight?

Soft. For thy ſweet ſake, thou diveliſh damſel.

Olin. Thou art as mad as I am.

Soft. I am ſtark mad, for my mother was born in *March*: therefore let us be married.

Olin. I would not be ſo mad for all the world.

Soft. And when we are married, we'l out-do the Great *Mogul* for new faſhions; inſtead of ſix *Flaunders* Mares, our Coach ſhall be drawn with ſix Centaures.

Olin. Centaures! in the name of madneſs what are them?

Soft. A Centaure is a horſe born with a Poſtilian on's back.

Olin. And ſhall all the Foot-men ride behind the Coach?

Soft. Yes, o'th' backs of one another, like *March* Frogs in a Ditch; and there they ſhall ſpawn young Foot-boys.

Olin. And at the Boot of your Coach muſt be running an Orang-wench, preſenting your Lady a ſweet Lemmon with a love-Letter in't.

Soft. Right, and inſtead of Points and guilded Nails, our Coach ſhall be trim'd round with Cartridges.

Olin. And they ſhall be fill'd with Powder and Shot to defend us.

Soft. No, each Cartridge ſhall have a little tine Page in it, with his head peeping out like *Hictius doctius.*

Nib. Bi'rlady, I think they are both mad.

Soft. What wonders would I do for my true love.

Nur. There is a verſe of a Song to that purpoſe, I'l ſing it:

What wouldſt thou do for thy true love, if ſhe for help ſhould call?

Soft. Why, I would fight with a great Gyant, though he were ne'er ſo tall.

Olin.

Olin. Thou fight with a Gyant? he muſt be in ſheep-skin then.

Soft. Heart of a horſe, how came ſhe by that?

Enter Conjurer.

Olin. Go bid my Conjurer come.

Con. Here, Madam.

Olin. Let me ſee *Eliſium* quickly, and tell me truly what they do there.

Con. Madam, it is ſo little, and ſo like what's done in this world, that it is not worth your knowing; but ſince you command I muſt obey; let idle Poets ſpeak their fancies of *Eliſium*, but I that have been there muſt ſpeak the truth; in ſhort, Madam, all the women do nothing but ſing, *John come kiſs me now*; and then the men give 'em a green Gown upon the flowry banks, and there they commit love together.

Olin. Do they not dance in *Eliſium*?

Con. Yes Madam, as you ſhall ſee; every one keep their ſtand. Squire, ſtand you here.

Soft. Muſt I ſee the Devil?

Con. Yes.

Soft. Would I were deviliſh drunk then.

Con. Why would you be drunk, Squire?

Soft. Becauſe they ſay when I'm drunk the Devil would not keep me company.

Con. You muſt know my Devil ſcorns to be commanded with canting mountebank words, he is a Sea-faring kind of Divel, that comes when his boſon whiſtles; ſtand faſt.

Soft. Save the Squire, Save the Squire.

He whiſtles, Eliſium *opens*, *many womens voices ſing*, John come kiſs me now, *after that a dance*; *they draw up Squire* Softhead *with a Divel, and he cryes out.*

Enter Jarvis, *and* Iſabel, *Nurſe unſeen.*

Jar. Tell my Maſter all the lies you can invent of him; for I know women are good at ſudden invention.

Iſa. Yes, I Could lie ſufficiently to do his work; that is, I can lie my part, if you can ſwear yours.

Jar. If you do not ſecond your lying with ſwearing, we ſhall do no good on't.

Iſa. Nay, by my troth if I lie, I expect you ſhould ſwear to it; 'tis your revenge as well as mine, and you ſhall bear your part.

Jar. Troth, I am not very good at ſwearing.

Iſa. Then do you lie, and I'l ſwear; take your choice, for 'tis all one to me.

Jar. Nay, we muſt ſecond one another both with ſwearing and lying, as occaſion ſerves.

Nur. That I had but ſome witneſs of this Villany.

Iſa. I'l warrant you, we'l ſpoil his being a Doctor, i'faith.

Nur. You ſhall not, if I can help it.

Iſa. I'l tell your Maſter firſt, he is a drunken Farrier, and no Doctor, a villain not to own his wife.

Nur. How, is this his wife? I dare ſay 'tis for my ſweet ſake he does not own her; poor dear Doctor!

Iſa. I'l be reveng'd to the full.

Nur. So will I till I am full.

Jar. I'll give you my wives new Gown, and take your revenge my way.

Nur. O rogue, a Cuckold to the ninth degree.

Iſa. Sure a new Gown, and a new Gallant are two ſweet things, but revenge is ſweeter and dearer to me than my Children; therefore let us firſt go to your Maſter.

Jar. But firſt, let us conſider, and lay our ſtory ready.

[*Exeunt* Jar. *and* Iſa.

Nur. I'l to the Doctor and tell him all this: what a ſlave is this husband of mine? O rogue that cannot be content to be a Cuckold, but he muſt be a whore-maſter too; thou ſhalt have more than an ordinary head, for that at *Amboes* ſhall appear but a Pricket to thee, for thou ſhalt be a monſtrous Cuckold, if man or beaſt can make thee one. [*Exit Nurſe.*

Enter Doctor and Apothecary.

Apot. I doubt Doctor we ſhall never win the old mans favour again.

Doct. Troth, I think you were never in't, for his bloud roſe at the very firſt ſight of you.

Apot. He finds by inſtinct the miſchief I'm to do him.

Doct.

Doct. Well, 'tis now come in my head to gain his opinion again.

Apot. O my dear Doctor, how!

Doct. Why thus; you ſhall write a Love-Letter to your Miſtriſs, as you are *Leander*, and then deliver it to th' old man, as you'r my Apothecary, I'l go with you too.

Apot. What advantage will that be?

Doct. We'l tell him, that *Leander* hearing that we gave his Miſtriſs phyſick, offer'd us a luſty ſum to convey a Letter to her; and finding how heartily he reſolves againſt *Leander*, we thought fit to ſhew our ſelves honeſt by delivering him the Letter.

Apot. In troth this may clear the jealouſie he had of us, and bring us in again.

Doct. If this will not, we muſt find ſome other trick; what if I continued love to Nurſe? ſhe would be very inſtrumental, if we had ſo little wit as to truſt her.

Apot. It would argue very little wit indeed; but come let us about the Letter. Slid, here comes Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. O, Mr. Doctor, I muſt tell you, you'r a man of little conſcience to make ſuch true love to me, as you have done, and have a wife as you have.

Doct. Truly Nurſe I had thought you had had more honeſty than to ſuffer me to make ſuch love to you, and have a huſband as you have.

Nur. But Doctor I came to tell you, that the woman that my Cuckold makes love to, ſwears ſhe is your wife, and ſays you'r no Doctor, but a Farrier, and a drunkard, and a beggar, and they'r juſt now going to my Maſter to tell him ſo; nay, they'r reſolved to lie and ſwear all things they can invent againſt you.

Doct. There is no great invention in ſo much truth: a pox on 'em, what ſhall we do? all our deſigns are quite ſpoil'd.

Apot. I am undone to all eternity.

Doct. Nay, nay, 'tis I am undone, for I muſt turn Farrier again; Nurſe I'l come to you preſently.

Apot.

Apot. I'm utterly deſtroy'd, if I get not off o' this.

Doct. I have it already, run you to *Bedlam*, and give two of the whippers a piece, and bring them hither, and tell them they own my wife for a mad woman, and carry her to *Bedlam*, and force her with all violence, and keep her there till further orders.

Apot. I'l inſtruct them farther, as they come along.

[*Exit Apothecary.*

Doct. Do ſo, make haſte, and flie like Gun-ſhot. Now Nurſe, this was kindly done indeed to tell me this Nurſe; but be not troubled, for ſhe is not my wife, but a mad woman broke out of *Bedlam*; and now I am reſolved to marry thee Nurſe, for I ſee thou loveſt me truly.

Nur. I, but Doctor, you know I've a Husband.

Doct. Hang him, I were a pitiful Doctor to ſuffer any body to live that I have occaſion to have dead.

Nur. If it could be done with a ſafe conſcience.

Doct. Why, if it be ſafely done, it's done with a ſafe conſcience; I ſee thou'rt a fool and knows nothing.

Nur. You Learned men know beſt, I leave all to you.

Doct. Thou ſhalt lead the ſweeteſt live Nurſe; firſt I will get my ſon and heir my ſelf Nurſe, and then thou ſhalt have a brave gallant with a fine white Periwig that coſt twenty pound Nurſe.

Nur. O dear Doctor, how ſweetly you expreſs your love to me.

Doct. And then your gallant ſhall carry you abroad, and bring you home o' nights: ſo well pleas'd, Nurſe!

Nur. O my moſt obliging Doctor!

Doct. And then thou ſhalt throw that gallant off, Nurſe, and have one with a brave brown Periwig, Nurſe.

Nur. Did ever man ſhew ſuch true love to a woman? let all husbands take example by this dear Doctor.

Doct. And then thou ſhalt have one with a brave black Periwig, Nurſe, ſo that thou ſhalt have Children of all colours i'th' Rain-bow: but why doſt thou weep, Nurſe?

Nur. I weep for joy to think what a comfortable life I ſhall lead with you.

Doct.

Doct. And dare you be true to your young Miſtriſs and *Leander*, and help to bring them together, Nurſe?

Nur. I deſerve to ſtarve for a true lover elſe.

Doct. But then you muſt be true to your Maſter, and tell him when they'r together; and then you oblige both parties, you know.

Nur. By my troth, and ſo I ſhall; and I'l be ſure to follow your directions.

Doct. I dare ſwear thou wouldſt: but Nurſe, I do but jeſt, I would not wrong the old Gentleman for the whole earth.

Nur. Nor I for all the world.

Doct. But Nurſe, go tell your Maſter that the woman is a mad woman of *Bedlam*; you may ſwear you have ſeen her there, for 'tis very true, Nurſe.

Nur. I will do it truly Doctor; but when ſhall our happy day of marriage be, Doctor?

Doct. As ſoon as you can perſwade your husband to take phyſick.

Nur. Let me alone for that. O dear Doctor, this fine white Periwig does ſo run in my head.

Doct. And does not the brown one do ſo too?

Nur. Yes, by my troth, and the black one eke alſo. [*Exit Nur.*

Doct. I dare not truſt this Jade for all this; yet for little things, which may be helps to the main, I ſhall venture to try her in.

Enter Apothecary, and two Officers of Bedlam.

Apot. Mr. Doctor, I have brought you a couple of Officers for your turn, they both underſtand, and are ready to ſerve you for your money.

Doct. But have you given them inſtructions?

1 *Offi.* O, Sir, we have it throughly.

Doct. You muſt be confident, for you'l find a damn'd ſcould of her.

2 *Offi.* O, Sir, we that can tame mad folks, can tame a ſcould, I warrant you.

1 *Offi.* And though the woman be not mad, we can make her mad, if you pleaſe.

Doct.

Doct. Prethee how?

2 *Offi.* With theſe Engines: why people are not ſo mad when they come to *Bedlam*, as they are when they'r in't, I aſſure you.

Doct. How comes that I prethee?

1 *Offi.* Do you think that the food of bread and water, to lie naked in foul ſtraw, and to be whipt twice a day, will not make any body mad? I'l warrant you faith.

Doct. But do you give them no phyſick?

1 *Offi.* Something they have, but a whip is the main ingredient; for we whip 'em out of a phrenzy into ſtark madneſs, and then whip 'em on till they come round to their wits again.

Doct. That plainly ſhews the circulation of the bloud; and this may be cited a conſultation.

Apot. Well, Sir, you ſee they know their work, therefore about it, and there is more money to incourage you.

1 *Offi.* You ſhall hear of her in *Bedlam*, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Bedlam *men.*

Apot. Now let's about our Letter with all ſpeed.

Doct. Come on, and if all fail, we'l fetch your Miſtriſs to *Bedlam*; for ſhe is pretty well entred into madneſs already.

Apot. No, then people will ſay, If ſhe had not been mad, ſhe'd ne'er been in love with me; yet any where out of her fathers houſe does it.

Doct. Well, if our other deſigns fail, faith have at that.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gernette, Nibby *and Nurſe.*

Nib. Thou wretched old man, firſt to make thy Daughter mad, and then to keep her in't with thy cruelty, when your own conſcience knows a husband would recover her.

Ger. But now my mind is altered; for I'm reſolved, let her periſh, ſhe ſhall never marry whilſt I live.

Nib. At your peril be it, for I'l take my oath before a Judge that a husband would bring her to her wits again.

Ger. I renounce and diſclaim her.

Nib. A husband I tell you: Second me Nurſe.

Ger. I'm reſolved I'l hear of no husband.

Nur. I tell you once again a husband.

Nib. And I tell you moreover and above a husband.

Nur. And I tell you both under and over, and over and under a husband.

Both. A husband, a husband, a husband.

Ger. I'l ſtop my ears, I'l hear no more of her.

Nib. But in troth Uncle, conſider ſoberly her ſad condition, ſhe is young, and her bloud gallops in her veins, and requires the ſatisfaction of a Gentleman, I preſcribe her nothing but what I would take my ſelf.

Nur. Alack ſhe might take it if ſhe were a dying.

Ger. Cannot the comforts of a Father recover her.

Nur. Nor of a mother neither, if her heart be ſet the other way.

Ger. Then let her dye mad, for I'l hear of no ſuch thing as husband.

Nib. With all my heart, I wiſh ſhe would marry thy Gardiner.

Nur. I, that ſhe might taſte of his Apricocks: Nay, nay, nay, you ſhall hear us out, for look you Maſter, a husband is ſuch a thing.

Nib. I truly Uncle, a husband is ſuch a thing.

Ger. What a thing is a husband?

Nib. Why, a thing a young woman cannot be without.

Nur. No, nor an old woman neither.

Nib. A husband is a thing that's good for many things.

Nib. A husband is good to father his wives children.

Nib. Pray you let him be good at getting them firſt.

Nur. No matter, that's a thing may be done without him; I ſee you are a young woman and know nothing.

Nib. Then a husband is a thing that is a good Cloak for a womans knavery.

Nur. I, if a husband could be brought to do the civil office of an orang-woman, to fetch and carry, he were worth his weight in gold; I have a husband, my Maſter knows, is the untowardeſt peeviſh fellow at it.

Ger. Away, away, you idle woman.

Nib. You mean down right pimping, Nurſe, that's a little againſt the hair methinks for a husband. *Ben. Johnſon* ſays, fathers and mothers make the beſt bauds.

Nur. Bauds! your *Johnſon*'s an ill bred foul-mouth'd fellow to call them ſo; beſides he is a fool, for a husband's worth a hundred fathers and mothers for that office; for then the wife's unſtain'd, the world cannot taint her, when the husband gives her countenance.

Nib. But will you conſider your daughters madneſs?

Nur. I, he has turn'd off a worthy Doctor, and his Apothecary that would have cured her, and now he's jealous of 'em, and will not let 'em come near her.

Nib. 'Slife, I'l indite you for murther, I'l not ſee my Couſin caſt away thus: ſend for this Doctor, I ſay.

Enter Jar. Iſa.

Jar. Here is a woman, if it pleaſe you, has ſomething to ſay to you concerning the Doctor.

Ger. I, what is it woman?

Iſa. I would be loth to have your worſhip abuſed; this Doctor, if it pleaſe you, that comes to your houſe is a very raskal: ſwear to it now.

Jar. I by my feckars-law is he.

Iſa. Swear up roundly and be hang'd; is feckars-law an oath to paſs before a Judge? I ſay this Doctor is a raskal.

Ger. Why, he may be ne'er the worſe Doctor for that.

Iſa. But he is not a Doctor, if it pleaſe you.

Ger. Why, he may be ne'er the worſe raskal for that.

Iſa. But as I ſaid, he is no Doctor, but a down right Farrier.

Ger. A Farrier, bi'rlady a good foundation to raiſe a Doctor upon; I like him ne'er the worſe.

Iſa. Beſides he is a beggar, and I am his wife, Sir.

Ger. If thou be'ſt his wife, 'tis an even lay but he's a beggar.

Iſa. Beſides we have had five children, and now he will not own me, Sir.

Ger. That confirms him a good Doctor ſtill, I ſay.

Nur. This woman is mad, Sir.

Ger. She talks ſenſibly enough, and I believe her.

Iſa.

Iſa. I am not mad, Sir, and I tell you he is but a Farrier. Swear and be hang'd, you leave me ſweetly i'th' lurch. I ſay he can give your daughter a drench, and ſhooe her before and behind, and that's all he knows of a Doctor.

Enter Bedlam-*men.*

2 *Offi.* By your leave we muſt make bold with your worſhip; we have a mad woman broak out of *Bedlam*, and we underſtand ſhe is come into your worſhips houſe. O are you there you mad quean, muſt we have all this labour to find you with a pox? I'l ſcourge you to ſome purpoſe i'faith.

[*He miſtakes.*

Ger. What doſt thou mean fellow? this is my ſervant.

Nur. You rogue, you villain, you raskal.

1 *Offi.* Sir, pray you pardon him, this fellow is a ſtranger, and come newly to his office, ſince ſhe ſtole out of *Bedlam*; this is the quean, Sir, ſhe knows me well enough; look, look, look, if it pleaſe your worſhip, how the mad whore ſtares at me, now ſhe ſees me.

Iſa. I mad? I in *Bedlam*, you rogue? 'tis that thing, that Gentlewoman thing that looks like a mad woman.

Nib. 'Slight, I'l away and ſecure my Couſin. [*Exit* Nib.

Ger. I hope they do not come for my daughter, Nurſe.

1 *Offi.* Nay, nay, nay, come you quean, away with her: Why, Sir, we have had this wretch in *Bedlam* this dozen years; and ſometimes ſhe is ſo well, that we let her go about the houſe, and then ſhe ſteals out, and 'tis ſometimes a week before we can find her again. Fare you well, Sir; Slid how I'l laſh the whore. [*Exeunt* Bedlam-*men with* Iſa.

Ger. This woman being mad, confirms me the Doctor is wrong'd.

Jar. The woman is his wife, and not mad, Sir; and the fellow is no Doctor, but a Farrier, Sir.

Nur. The rogue is jealous of the Doctor, and that makes him ſay ſo, as he is of your worſhip, when I riſe a nights to rub your ſhins.

Jar. I ſay again, he is a Farrier and no Doctor.

Ger. This muſt be ſcandal, for I believe he is a learned

man. How now? what do you here, Sir? did not I forbid you my houſe? Are you a Farrier, Sir?

Enter Doctor and Apothecary.

Doct. Are you a changeling, Sir?

Ger. Why changeling, fellow?

Doct. Why Farrier, fool?

Ger. He is wrong'd ſure by his angry confidence.

Doct. Who told you I was a Farrier, Sir?

Ger. A woman that ſaid ſhe was your wife, and truely I believed it, till two Officers of *Bedlam* fetcht her away, and ſaid ſhe was a mad woman.

Doct. Alack, alack, was it ſhe; why that poor creature has been in *Bedlam* this many years; and ſhe has call'd me husband ſo long, that of my conſcience the poor wretch believes it to be ſo indeed.

Nur. I, but Mr. Doctor, my husband ſwears you'r a Farrier.

Doct. Who, that villain? why thou ſcandalous rogue, how darſt thou wrong me, when thou haſt diſcovered ſuch ſtrange things to me of thy Maſter?

Ger. I, what has the rogue diſcover'd, Sir?

Doct. Firſt, he is damnable jealous of you; next he told me that you got his wives child, and he deſir'd us of all loves to give you ſome *cantharides* to diſable you for getting of children: ask my Apothecary elſe.

Apot. 'Tis very true, I aſſure you.

Jar. Sir, they wrong me, and they lye.

Nur. But they do not ſwear and lie, as thou and the mad woman did: Sir, I'l ſwear upon a book I over-heard them make the bargain, ſhe was to lie, and he was to ſwear to it.

Doct. Pothecary, you over-heard that too, did you not?

Apot. I did ſo, Sir, and I'l be depoſed upon't: you put me to hard duty Doctor.

Ger. You villain out of my houſe.

Jar. Sir, they do me wrong, I never ſaid ſo.

Ger. I know you were always a jealous raskal, and therefore muſt believe 'em; ſo get you out you villain.

Doct. Sirrah, will you be content to be a Cuckold yet?

Jar.

Jar. I'l be reveng'd, for I'l cut thy throat.

Doct. I'l be even with thee, for I'l give thee phyſick.

Ger. Pay him his wages, and let him be gone.

Jar. Give me my wife then.

Doct. No, I mean to phyſick her, and make her fit for a Gentleman.

Jar. I'l have my wife, if there be law.

Doct. Thou ſhalt have her before thy ſuit is ended; for by that time every body will have done with her.

Nur. Come, ſir, I'l pay you your wages, you ſee what comes of jealouſie; could not you be content to hear, and ſee, and ſay nothing? [*Exeunt* Jar. *and Nurſe.*

Apot. But, Sir, our buſineſs is to preſent you with this Letter, and withal to adviſe you to look ſtrictly to your daughter; for this *Leander* is contriving ſeveral ſtratagems to ſteal her, he offer'd us I know not what to deliver her this Letter.

Doct. But we knowing it would break your heart, we thought our ſelves bound in conſcience to bring you the Letter, and withal to adviſe you to be careful of your child, for to my knowledge ſhe'l be gone elſe; ſo having fairly diſcharged our ſelves, we take our leaves. [*Offers to go.*

Ger. O do not go, you are my friends, you have proved your ſelves my faithful friends; I beſeech you ſtay and take care once more of my child.

Apot. Not for the world, Sir, we came not to that end, Sir, we came to ſhew our ſelves honeſt men, and that being now clear'd, our credits ſhall come no more in queſtion.

Ger. I beſeech you leave me not.

Doct. Why, your paſſion will ſpoil all our practice; for ſhould it be noys'd abroad, that a Doctor of phyſick carries letters betwixt party and party, 'twere enough to undo us all.

Ger. Good Gentlemen, I have received comfort by your fidelity, take it not from me again by your obſtinacie; I once more beſeech you to take the care of my child upon you.

Apot. Alack, Sir, do not weep, we'l do any thing to ſerve you, but our credits are ſo precious to us.

Ger.

Ger. Good men, I'l never diſtruſt you more, you have ſhew'd ſuch worth in the diſcovery of this Letter, that I weep for joy to think I have found ſuch faithful friends.

Doct. In troth my tender Nature melts too, ſee, ſee, my poor Apothecary weeps too.

Ger. Doſt thou cry too, Nurſe? alack poor woman.

Nur. How can I chuſe but cry, to ſee my Maſter weep?

Doct. I thought you had cryed to part with your husband, Nurſe.

Nur. Your own conſcience knows I do not love him ſo well: Pray you good Maſter wipe your eyes.

Ger. Good Doctor and Apothecary weep no more.

Doct. We cannot hold to ſee your grief ſo great, Sir.

Omnes. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah: [*All cry together.*

Doct. Let us cry in four parts, and ſee how 'twill go.

Apot. I have heard of ſinging in four parts, but never of crying in four parts before: come, Sir, take comfort, for once more we will undertake your child.

Doct. We muſt firſt repair home, to provide things fit for her, and then without delay we come: once more we have faſtned of him. [*Exeunt Doctor and Apothecary.*

Ger. Good Gentlemen make haſte: Come hither, Nurſe, this was kindly done to weep, Nurſe.

Nur. I could not chuſe but weep to ſee you weep.

Ger. In the middle of my ſorrows, there is ſome comfort in thee yet; come kiſs me, Nurſe, I hope thou haſt been true to me, Nurſe, and not ſuffer'd that raskal thy husband to come near thee.

Nur. Do you think I'd be ſo falſe a wretch, as to let my husband touch me? I wiſh the heavy judgement of ſuch a ſin may fall on me, if ever he ſo much as kiſt me, or ever ſhall whilſt your worſhip lives; for ſure you have been a ſweet man in your youth, that is ſuch a comfort to a woman in your old age.

Ger. But am I ſuch a comfort to thee indeed, Nurſe? do not diſſemble with me.

Nur. If I do, I wiſh I may never enter into the --- why am

am I a woman? but why do you ſuſpect me ſo?

Ger. Becauſe I thought the Doctor had kiſt you, when you were in's arms.

Nur. That you ſhould think ſuch a wicked thing of me, when you ſaw I'd a fit of the mother.

Ger. Weep not Nurſe, I am ſatisfied, come kiſs and be friends. [*He kiſſes Nurſe.*

Enter Nibby.

Nib. Look, look of that old ſinckanter, here's a fine mouldy gallant, an old grey badger; I muſt play the rogue with him, though I ſuffer for it.

Nur. Slid your Niece ſees you kiſs me.

Ger. Alack, I am aſham'd for ever then: good Nurſe ſound as you did when the Doctor rub'd you.

Nur. Do you think I can counterfeit ſounding? beſides do you think you are able to rub me as the Doctor did?

Nib. O wo is me, and wo unto us all, O this Uncle, this wicked Uncle.

Ger. Alack, what's the matter?

Nib. O cruel deſtiny! O fatal fortune!

Ger. Why, Niece *Nibby*, what's the matter?

Nib. That ever I ſhould live to ſee this day.

Nur. O my dear Mrs. *Nibby*, what's the misfortune?

Nib. O where ſhould I find this curſed Uncle of mine?

Ger. Here I am *Nibby*, what's the danger?

Nib. You are undone and ruin'd.

Ger. How, undone and ruin'd? do not delay me.

Nib. O your daughter, your daughter you wicked wretch, I am not able to ſay more for grief.

All. Ah, oh, ah, ah. [*All weep.*

Ger. Tell me quickly what's the matter.

Nib. Why, your daughter's grown deſperate mad at your unkindneſs; ran to the window that ſtands over the River, and there opening the great caſement.

Ger. O what did ſhe then?

Nib. Why, lifting up her hands and eyes to that good place, where you will never come Uncle; ſhe loudly cryed, Since my

my father has abandon'd me, 'tis time for me to quit this life of mine.

Ger. And ſo threw her ſelf into the River?

Nib. No, it ſeems ſhe did not like that kind of death.

Ger. Why, what then?

Nib. Why then ſhe ran like lightning to the Table, where your Pocket-Piſtol lay.

Ger. And ſo ſhot her ſelf with that?

Nib. No, it ſeems there was no powder i'th' pan, but bitterly ſighing and weeping, at laſt ſhe ran and deſperately threw her ſelf upon her bed, and then growing paler and paler, by degrees fell into a deadly ſound.

Ger. And ſo dyed?

Nib. Stay, ſtay, you'r too quick for your daughter; but with much rubbing, tumbling and toſſing her, I brought her to life again; ſo leaving her at deaths door, I came to tell you the news.

Ger. Where are my ſervants? run, bid 'em run, I'l have a conſultation of Doctors; and run for Doctor *Drench*, for he ſhall joyn in councel with 'em. [*Exit. manet Nurſe.*

Nur. I'l to the Doctor and tell him this. I doubt he will not like a conſultation with Phyſicians.

If he ſtand this bruſh, he's made for ever;
Luck if't be thy will juſt now or never.

Finis Act. IIII.

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Doctor, Leander *and Parſon* Othentick.

Lea. LOok you Doctor, this Gentleman is my brother; and, though he be young, a Miniſter in orders; I have told him what we deſign'd, and he is to go as my Apprentice, and carry our feigned phyſick.

Doct. Very good, and can you ſtep out of a Pulpit into an Apothecaries Shop? poyſon a friend or two, and ſteal to your Text again without ſcruple of conſcience?

Othen. Sir, I ſhall go as near the wind as a Dutch Skiper, to ſerve my brother, but I hope there is no poyſon in the caſe.

Lea. No, but there is a little cheat.

Doct. Which I hope you may diſpence with.

Othen. Truly I hope I may to ſerve my brother.

Doct. Or your Siſter.

Othen. Yes ſure, to ſerve any of my Relations.

Doct. Or a friend.

Othen. So it be a dear friend.

Doct. Or a ſtranger with a good living to preſent.

Othen. That's a good thing ſtill.

Lea. The Doctor's merry, brother: but pray you let me help you off with your Reverend Weeds, and appear like an Apothecary's Apprentice, or a Diſciple of *Paracelſus*.

[*Helps him off.*

Othen. Now Doctor give me leave to be merry with you, I ſtudyed phyſick, and ſhould have profeſt it, and an old Doctor gave me ſome rules for a young Doctor to obſerve.

Doct. Pray you let's hear them by all means.

Othen. Firſt, have always a grave buſie face, as if you were

ſtill in great care for ſome great perſons health, though your meditations truly known are only imployed in caſting where to eat that day: Secondly, be ſure you keep the Church ſtrictly on Sundays; and i'th' middle o'th' Sermon, let your man fetch you out in great haſte, as if 'twere to a Patient; then have your ſmall Agent to hire forty Porters a day to leave impertinent notes at your houſe, and let them knock as if 'twere upon life and death; theſe things the world takes notice of, and you'r cryed up for a man of great practice, and there's your buſineſs done.

Doct. Believe me theſe are good inſtructions.

Others. Nay, I have more, be ſure you ingratiate your ſelf with the Bauds, pretending to cure the poor Whores for charity, that brings good private work after it. Strike in with Mid-wives too, that you may be in the councel for by-blows, that ſecures a Patient during life; and with Apothecaries, and Nurſe-keepers go ſnips; but above all acquire great impudence, leſt you be out of countenance at your own miſcarriages.

Doct. I am ſo well ſtockt with that, that if ever impudence come to be worſhip'd as a Deity, they'l ſet me upon a pedeſtal for their god.

Lea. But to our buſineſs Doctor, you know we perſwaded the old man that we muſt ſay and do all things to humour his ſeeming mad daughter, and by that only way ſhe is to be recover'd.

Doct. Right, and the old man believes it too.

Lea. Therefore when we are there, you ſhall hold the father in diſcourſe whilſt I whiſper her; and as ſhe and I will manage her madneſs, my Brother ſhall marry us to the old mans face.

Doct. By my troth that would be impudently done indeed; yet the old Gentleman has now ſo much confidence in us, that we may do any thing.

Lea. Therefore pack up your pretended phyſick, and let us chearfully about it.

Enter

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Save you Gentlemen, you are much long'd for, my old Maſter does ſo talk of the Doctor, and my young mad Miſtreſs of the Pothecary, that you muſt come with all ſpeed; for my Miſtreſs is ſo ſtark mad, that my Maſter has ſent for three or four learned Doctors; and you muſt make haſte, and bring all your Learning with you; for you muſt ſit in conſultation with them.

Doct. In conſultation with Doctors? 'heart all is ſpoil'd again, and worſe than ever 'twas. Tell your Maſter plainly, Nurſe, conſultation with Doctors is not my way of practice; a company of wrangling fellows, they can never agree; beſides, he under-values me to think I am not able to cure her without help: but Nurſe, go into my chamber, and turn over St. *Aratines* book, till I talk with my Pothecary.

Nur. With all my heart, dear Doctor. [*Exit Nurſe.*

Lea. This is the unfortunateſt croſs that e'er befel me.

Doct. The Divel hath conſpired againſt you: ſo farewel for an unluckie wretch, I'l put on my Apron, and profeſs Farrier again; and then let the Doctors and the Divel come, I defie them.

Lea. Nay, nay, ſtay Doctor and let us conſider. [*Offers to go.*

Doct. Conſider? do you think I can ſupport an Argument with able Phyſicians?

Othen. Come, be not diſmaid, for we will go, if there were a whole College of Phyſicians; I am a Scholar, and a proficient in phyſick, and thoſe queſtions that you cannot anſwer, put them upon me, and doubt not but we will baffle them all; therefore we muſt be wary, and not talk too much of *Padua*, for ten to one but ſome of 'em has been there, and they are ſtrict Galeniſts, therefore we muſt be Chymiſts: Now you muſt not call my brother your Apothecary, nor me his Apprentice, that will not ſound like an out-landiſh Phyſician, therefore call him *Hurnatio* your Operator, and me *Stirquilutio* his man.

Doct. Well boys, you have ſo incouraged me, that I have juſt now a trick come into my head to baffle them all my ſelf.

Lea. O brave Doctor! what is't? what is't?

Doct. You ſhall know, but Nurſe muſt be in the plot.

Lea. By no means i'th' earth, ſhe'l betray us all.

Doct. Fear nothing, for I've promiſed to poyſon her huſband, and marry her, and allow her half a dozen Gallants; and if that will not make her true, I have no art to gain a woman.

Lea. That may go a great way; but

Doct. But me no buts; Nurſe, Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Here my dear Doctor.

Doct. Nurſe, tell your Maſter that I am reſolved to conſult with the Doctors; but 'tis for thy ſweet ſake I'l ſwear, Nurſe: therefore my dear Nurſe, if thou loveſt mirth, and will be true to me, we'l put ſuch a trick upon theſe learned Phyſicians, that we'l laugh ſeven years after it.

Nur. Here's my hand and heart, dear Doctor, I'l be true to you.

Doct. I believe thee; be ſure Nurſe, that you be in the room; and when I bid you fetch your Miſtreſſes water, be ſure you go out and bring me your own; and then mark what work I'l make with your learned Doctors.

Nur. Why, this will pleaſe me above all things, moſt hugely, moſt ſtrangely.

Lea. I, but if Nurſe ſhould cozen you, and neither bring her Miſtreſſes water nor her own, ſhe would ſerve you finely.

Nur. I ſcorn to be ſo baſe, Sir, and if you think ſo, Sir, you may be by when 'tis made, Sir.

Doct Nay, be not angry Nurſe, for my Apothecary, my Operator I ſhould ſay, is to give your husband phyſick when he is to die, and he knows I'm to marry you, I've told him all; nay, he is as true as ſteel.

Nur. Is he ſo, Sir? I crave your pardon for my haſty ſpeech: the

the Doctor reports you'r as true as ſteel, Sir; and I aſſure you I honour any Gentleman that has either truth or ſteel in him. I ſhall inform my Maſter of your coming; and I aſſure you, Sir, you ſhall command my water without fraud or guile.

[*Exit Nurſe.*

Lea. Let us now conſider how to anſwer theſe learned Doctors.

Othen. That cannot be, for we know not what they will fall upon.

Doct. I find I ſhall betray my ſelf to be a damn'd Farrier; but however I'l brazen it out.

Othen. Doctor, you muſt be ſure you conſent not to conſult in private, which they will deſire, becauſe they never agree; beſides, urge that the Father, Nurſe, and we may be admitted, it will be a good excuſe for your worſhip not to ſpeak Latin.

Doct. But by the way, you muſt furniſh me with a ſnip or two of Latin to ſave my credit.

Othen. That's eaſily done, but you muſt be ſure to imbroil the Doctors firſt with ſome ſtrange queſtions, to prevent their falling upon you.

Doct. Let me alone, I'l do it,

And ſpite of all their Scruples, Drams and Ounces,
I will confound theſe learned Doctor Dounces.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter old Gernette *with three learned Doctors.*

Ger. Gentlemen, I have made bold to ſend for you again, and though you could not help my child when ſhe was dumb, I hope you may now ſhe is mad.

1 *Doct.* How, is ſhe mad? and does ſhe ſpeak?

Ger. Yes, Sir, a famous and a learned man, of great skill, and wonderful knowledge, gave her ſomething, and in a ſhort time ſhe ſpake, and fell into raving fits of madneſs, and has ever ſince continued ſo; and this he told me would be the effect of what he then did.

2 *Doct.* This is ſtrange.

3 *Doct.*

3 *Doct.* Moſt wonderful! what was it he gave her, Sir?

Ger. Nay, that I know not, but I aſſure you, he ſaid he could make her ſpeak, and told me her diſeaſe would turn to madneſs, and accordingly it has proved ſo; nevertheleſs, Gentlemen, I deſire you to joyn with this Learned man, and conſider how to perfect her cure.

1 *Doct.* Why, Sir, you tell us wonders of him; where did he ſtudy?

Ger. I know not, but he ſeems to be a great Traveller, for he talkt of *Tartar Cham*, and of *Padua*, and *Greenland*.

2 *Doct.* *Tartar Cham* and *Green-land?* this muſt be a Mountebank and a cheat.

Ger. Upon my credit you will not find him ſo, for he has ſeen all Univerſities, he is but newly come over, and his name is Doctor *Drench*.

1 *Doct.* *Drench?* why that's a fitter name for a Farrier than a Phyſician.

Ger. Let his name be as ſtrange as it will, he has alſo ſtrange humours too, for he'l find out mens ignorance preſently.

3 *Doct.* I think we were beſt be gone, leſt he finds out ours.

1 *Doct.* Why I, for if he be a Chymiſt, his opinion and ours muſt needs differ, and conſequently not agree in conſultation.

2 *Doct.* I am, Sir, of your opinion, for I think it *infra dignitatem* to hold conſultation with Mountebanks.

3 *Doct.* We know not yet, Sir, what the man is.

1 *Doct.* If he be a Chymiſt, Sir, he is *eo nomine*, a declared enemy to the Galenical way, to all truth and learning, and a denyer of principles; and therefore not to be conſulted with.

2 *Doct.* Right, Sir, *contra principia negantem non eſt diſputandum*; he that replys but with ſubmiſſion to *ſic dixit Galenus*, is not to be lookt on as a Phyſician.

3 *Doct.* Pardon me Gentlemen, I have known ſome Chymical Phyſicians learned and rational men; and although not ſtrict adherers to the Galenical Method, proceed with great reaſon

reaſon, and good ſucceſs, which, I take it, anſwers all we can ſay or do.

2 *Doct.* I profeſs I think it as bad as murder to cure out of the methodical way. Oh what ſatisfaction 'tis to have a patient dye according to all the Rules of Art.

Ger. But ſure it ſhould ſatisfie your conſcience better to have them live by Rules.

2 *Doct.* Come life, come death, to follow Rules is your ſatisfaction, and Conſcience is no ingredient within the Rules of Phyſick, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Doctor is come.

Ger. 'Tis well, 'tis well: Gentlemen, to end this diſpute here is a double fee for each, and pray you conſult with him his way, and be civil in't for my ſake.

1 *Doct.* Sir, you and yours here hath prevailed over us.

2 *Doct.* I profeſs to ſerve ſo worthy and magnificent a perſon, I would conſult with a Farrier.

3 *Doct.* A Farrier? nay, for a double fee, we would conſult with a Gun-ſmith.

Ger. Here he is, pray you ſalute him.

3 *Doct.* We know how to be civil, Sir.

Enter Doctor Hurnatio *and* Stirquilutio, *Nurſe.*

Ger. Save you, Sir.

Doct. I thank you.

3 *Doct.* Save you, Sir.

Doct. One ſave you, Sir, is ſufficient for all, we Learned men ſhould hate complement, *Verba panca ſapiens ſapit:* was that true Latin, Parſon?

Stir. Brave! fear nothing: at them with ſome queſtion.

Doct. I ſhall fall into the Farrier. Well, I find, Gentlemen, you are profeſſed Doctors of Phyſick, and are met to conſult the health of a diſtracted Ladie; therefore to the point, and avoid your canting words, that would ſtick in a wiſe mans throat and choak him.

2 *Doct.* But, Sir, 'tis neceſſary we deliver our ſelves in proper and learned phraſes, when we diſcourſe either of Phyſick

or

of Diſtempers, *In Arte artificialiter loquendum*; and withal, Sir, 'tis fit that we of the conſultation ſhould withdraw.

Doct. No withdrawing, Sir, 'tis not my way, I love perſons concern'd ſhould hear and ſee what's done, that they may judge who are doers, and who are talkers; and if you affect the vain-glory of learned phraſes, my Operator *Hurnatio*, and his man *Stirquilutio* ſhall diſpute you; for with great pains I have inabled them to argue in all tongues, becauſe they know I hate the trouble on't my ſelf.

Stir. Start a queſtion quickly.

Doct. I ſhall only trouble you with one queſtion or two my ſelf: Firſt, I ask you whether you know the practice, of before behind, behind before?

2 *Doct.* Before behind, behind before? why, that is ſomething belongs to a horſe, a Farrier or a Blackſmith muſt anſwer that queſtion.

Doct. I know where you'd be preſently, in ſome ſort 'tis true that you ſay; yet in *Italy* both woman and boys have their before behind, behind before, as well as your horſes have here.

Stir. Bravely come off Doctor.

Doct. I know not well your way of practice, but the coſt you put the people to in that common diſeaſe, call'd the mourning of the Chine, I do abominate you for.

3 *Doct.* Mourning of the Chine? with your favour, Sir, that is the diſeaſe of a Horſe, and the phraſe of a Farrier.

Doct. And, Sir, I ſay again, I call it the mourning of the Chine, for the word Pox is a phraſe of ill manners; and therefore I think it proper to call it the Pox in a Horſe, and civil to call it the mourning of the Chine in a man.

Stir. You'l have no need of Latin, Doctor.

Doct. Look you to that Parſon: and I muſt tell you I ſhall ſpoil the benefit you get by that diſeaſe; for I'l adviſe every man to plant a *Guaicum*-Tree in his Orchard, and a Leaf of that at any time will cure infallibly, and that's one of the ſecrets I will reveal to the world, to ſpoil the practice of Mountebanks, clap Doctors and bill men.

2 *Doct.*

2 *Doct.* But will that diſeaſe be cured with the Leaf of a *Guaicum*-tree?

Doct. I, Sir, as I can order it.

1 *Doct.* Pray you, Sir, how will you order it?

Doct. Why firſt, Sir, I will make you a maſh.

3 *Doct.* How, Sir, that's a Farriers phraſe again, what mean you by a maſh, Sir?

Doct. Tell 'em, tell 'em *Stirquilutio*, and let not me be troubled to interpret.

Stir. Why, Sir, the Doctor is ſo much read in the *Arabian* Phyſicians, that he often uſes their terms: *Maſha* in the *Arabick* is what *quinta eſſentia* is in the Latin.

Doct. Well helpt Parſon: you wonder at my phraſes, and I at your want of *Arabick*. Now, Sir, when any man is troubled with the ſtaggers, we do not cut him and ſlaſh him in the forehead as you do your Horſes.

2 *Doct.* Staggers in a man? with your favour, Sir, you have talkt all this while liker a Farrier than a Phyſician; and I begin to think you are one, Sir.

Doct. How ſhall I get off now?

Stir. Yes, Sir, he is a Farrier, and an able Farrier too; for if you be not good Farriers, and good Surgeons too, you deſerve not the name of Doctors.

Hur. And pray you come to the point concerning our mad patient.

Doct. I, there's the beſt tryal of our judgements, therefore Nurſe, run and fetch your young Miſtreſſes water preſently.

Ger. I, that the Gentlemen may the better judge what to apply, and I beſeech you Gentlemen agree, that I and my child may find comfort from you.

3 *Doct.* Sir, you ſhall be ſure of all the aid our Art can ſhew.

Doct. And likewiſe our endeavours, Sir.

2 *Doct.* But, Sir, amongſt all ſigns of ſickneſs or health, whereby the skilful Phyſician is led into the knowledge of the ſtate of the body; two above the reſt are moſt certain, which are the Pulſe and Urin.

3 *Doct.* I, whereof the Pulſe ſhews the ſtate of the Heart and Arteries, and Urin the ſtate of the Liver and Veins.

2 *Doct.* Therefore the queſtion is, whether of theſe two ſeverally conſider'd, does give the moſt certain ſignification.

Doct. Urin, Urin, Urin, which makes me ſend for her water; ſtill I ſay, *Stirquilutio* give 'em reaſons, and let not me be troubl'd.

Stir. Then I ſay, *Montanus de excrementis* ſays.

Doct. I ſay, give them reaſons in their own mother tongue.

Stir. Then I ſay, the Urin above the Pulſe, gives the moſt manifeſt, certain, and general ſignification of all diſeaſes, becauſe with the bloud it is conveyed into all parts of the body; and from thence returns back again in the Veins, to the Liver and Veſſels of Urin, and ſo brings ſome note of the ſtate and diſpoſition of all thoſe parts from whence it comes.

3 *Doct.* 'Tis wonderful that an under-ſervant to a Doctor ſhould have this Learning.

2 *Doct.* I doubt whether the Maſter underſtand ſo much.

Doct. Say you ſo, Sir, I'l be even with you: Parſon, I'l tell that Doctor he is not well, and whilſt I feel his Pulſe, convey you this Cow-itch down his neck. Come hither, Sir, I pray you.

2 *Doct.* Your pleaſure, Sir.

Doct. You are not well, Sir.

2 *Doct.* As ever I was in my life, Sir.

Doct. Let me feel your Pulſe: you accuſe me of Farriers phraſes, I've another Farrier phraſe for you; you are not well, you are founder'd in your body, and it will fall upon your ſhoulders: firſt, it will begin with a kind of itching, then into Inflammations and Catarrhs; therefore look to't, be rowel'd betimes.

2 *Doct.* I ſlight your opinion, Sir.

Doct. Well, mark the end on't, Sir.

Enter Nurſe with water and Nibby.

Nur. Gentlemen, my Miſtreſs preſents her ſervice to you, and deſires you to be civil to her water, and uſe it with as much modeſty as you may; for I aſſure you her Virgin-

water.

water was never expoſed to publick view before.

3 *Doct.* Pray give it the ſtranger.

Doct. By no means, Gentlemen, I muſt have your opinions firſt. Nurſe, art thou true to me?

[*The Doctors takes the water.*

Nur. By my little life it's my own water, Doctor.

Doct. By my great life I'l marry thee to morrow then: but Nurſe, when I wink at you, you muſt own the water to be yours.

Nur. I'l do it, dear Doctor.

2 *Doct.* Here is dangerous water, it does not ſhew the three Regents, neither is here colour, ſubſtance, perſpicuity, darkneſs, contents, or ſmell.

3 *Doct.* Therefore the Urin being obſtructed, muſt needs flye back upon the parts, as to the ſtomach in vomitings, to the belly in Dropſies.

2 *Doct.* Or to the head in Frenſies, here we find plain madneſs. 'Slife I itch moſt terribly, this fellow ſure can conjure.

Nur. The Cow-itch works, he is at it already.

Doct. Come on, let me ſee the water; hum, ha, here is no madneſs, nor the leaſt ſign on't: Come hither, Sir; is your daughter married?

Ger. No, Sir; why do you ask?

Doct. Then I ſay ſhe is a baggage, ſhe had a chid lately, and counterfeits madneſs to keep the knowledge on't from you.

Ger. Gentlemen, I beſeech you believe not this ſcandalous Doctor: Sir, I'l have you puniſht for this defamation: my daughter had a child you wretch?

Doct. Come you'r a weak old man. I ſay again, that ſhe that made this water has had a child lately, therefore let ſearch be made to find it out.

2 *Doct.* You will do well to examine it, for 'tis poſſible it may not be her water; for Doctors have had ſuch tricks put on 'em ere now: this itching makes me mad.

Doct. But they can put no ſuch tricks upon me, for my judgement cannot fail me; therefore I ſay look to't, for there's a child in the caſe.

Ger. Call all my ſervants; where's my daughters women? here muſt be treachery, and Nurſe you muſt need know it.

Nur. Sir, I do know it indeed, and I crave your pardon.

Ger. What has my daughter had a child then?

Nur. No, Sir, but you know I have had one.

Ger. But the Doctor ſays, ſhe that made the water has had a child.

Nur. The Doctor ſays very true, for 'tis my water, Sir.

Doct. I was ſure I could not be deceived.

Ger. Are you ſure you ſpeak truth, Nurſe?

Nur. By my little life do I, Mrs. *Nibby* can witneſs.

Nib. Nurſe ſpeaks very true, Sir.

Ger. Why did you ſo bold a thing as this, Nurſe?

Nur. If you'l have the truth, I did it to find out which would prove the ableſt Doctor, and the ſtranger it ſeems is the Doctor of Doctors i'faith.

2 *Doct.* I believe he is, for ever ſince he felt my pulſe, my back has play'd the Divel.

Ger. Worthy, Sir, I once more heartily crave your pardon, and muſt acknowledge you an able and faithful Gentleman: and Doctors I beſeech your leaves to make uſe of this worthy ſtranger, as to the cure of my child.

2 *Doct.* He muſt cure me too, for the vengeance has got into my back parts.

3 *Doct.* Sir, we conſent, and think you have made a worthy choice. ſo we take our leaves, Sir.

Doct. Nay, Gentlemen, I hope you'l ſtay and ſee our way of practice; alas we cure madneſs with as much eaſe as, you do feavers, and meerly with humoring them.

2 *Doct.* I believe every word he ſays.

Hur. 'Tis well you'r convinced. O brave Cow-itch! pray, Sir, let your child be brought forth that we may diſpatch.

Ger. Go Nurſe prepare her quickly.

Nur. She is ready, Sir. [*Exeunt Nurſe and* Nibby.

Doct. *Stirquilutio*, go get me a Parſons Caſſock.

Ger. Why ſo, Sir? why ſo?

Doct.

Doct. Becauſe, Sir, you ſaw in her madneſs ſhe phanſied my Apothecary, my Operator to be *Leander*, and was much in love with him.

Ger. She was ſo to my grief, but what then, Sir?

Doct. Why then, Sir, if ſhe take him for *Leander* again, you ſhall ſee how finely I'l fool her into her wits again.

Ger. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Olinda, Nibby, *Nurſe and Servants.*

Olin. What is all the world got together? then I hope I ſhall find *Leander* amongſt them.

Ger. Again *Leander*? a pox on him, who knows him, or ever ſaw him?

Nib. None of your houſhold, we have only heard well of him, and I believe ſhe never ſaw him but at Church.

Ger. Like enough, that's one o'th' ends people go thither for: I'l take warning how I ever ſend my child to Church again.

Olin. Are you *Leander*, Sir?

Doct. Say I, ſay I, Doctor.

2 *Doct.* I am *Leander*, Madam, at your ſervice, if my back would give me leave.

Olin. Thou *Leander*, Beaſt? why thou ſhruggeſt as if thou wert louſie and wanted a clean ſhirt: O Doctor Divel have I catcht you, where's my *Leander*? find him, or I'l tear thee into Air.

Doct. Here, here is your *Leander*, Madam. [*preſents the Perſon.*

Olin. O you Divel, would you put a falſe *Leander* upon me? find me out the right, or I'l throw thee head-long to that diſmal place prepared for Doctors.

Doct. Here, here, Madam, is your right *Leander*.

Olin. I, this is he indeed, now I thank you Doctor: nay, Sir, I'l take a courſe with you; why *Leander*, would you torment me with your abſence thus?

Hur. It was not my fault, heaven knows, it was your cruel father kept me from you.

Ger. Why rackal Apothecary? why ſay you ſo, you Villain?

Doct.

Doct. 'Tis you are mad: Gentlemen Doctors, you ſaw how fine and calm ſhe began to be upon humoring her: 'tis you that keeps her mad, I'l juſtifie it.

Ger. Nay, I have done, I have done; but here is ſomething here that will not be removed.

Olin. Nay, Sir, I'l fetter you from running; Doctor, get me a Parſon; does none of theſe grave men belong to th' Clergy?

2 *Doct.* No, Madam.

Olin. Run, run and fetch me one, they'r never i'th' way when they ſhould do good.

Doct. Stirquilutio, put on the Parſons Coat quickly: Madam have patience, the Parſon will be here preſently.

Ger. Why ſo? why ſo Doctor? why ſo?

Doct. To bring your child to her ſelf again, ask theſe Doctors elſe.

2 *Doct.* Nay, no doubt they are right, Sir, if you obſtruct them not; I muſt have his opinion for my diſeaſe too.

Doct. Look you, here is the Parſon, Madam.

Olin. O welcome, Sir; nay, not a word out of your Book, but turn to your text of Matrimony and marry us preſently; and pray you let not that old man know we are married.

Doct. No, no, by no means; you muſt not know old man your daughters to be married.

Ger. Nay, nay, nay Doctor, Doctor, no jeſting with marriage.

Doct. Why are you jealous of my Operator? Alas poor wretch! why, Gentlemen, the man has a wife and four children.

Ger. Has he, and art thou ſure of that, Doctor?

Doct. Why, Sir, before theſe Gentlemen, if I ſpeak falſe, degrade me of the dignity of a Doctor.

Ger. I believe you, and am ſatisfied, and now I am as light and airy as a boy.

Olin. Who will be my father, and give me to *Leander?* I have a mind to this grave Gentlemaan; do you refuſe me, Sir?

Doct.

Doct. No, no, no, Madam; go and give her, Sir, go: bleſs us all, you ſee what a raging fit ſhe had like to have faln into.

Ger. I, but I do not like, I do not know, I do not like, I do not know what to ſay to it.

Doct. The Divel's in you, why you have forgot the fellow's married?

Ger. I had forgot, I had forgot, in troth I ſhould laugh to ſee her thus recovered; why Gentlemen, is not this a ſtrange way to cure madneſs?

3 *Doct.* It is ſo, Sir; but it ſeems they have the experience, the practical part, and truly it ſeems rational.

Doct. Why, Sir, if we can but get her to ſleep, in the belief that ſhe is married to *Leander*, my life for yours ſhe wakes i'th' morning in her right ſenſes.

2 *Doct.* And ſure this back will put me into my wrong ſenſes.

Ger. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to think, poor Girl, how ſhe'l be cozen'd into her wits again.

Nur. Maſter, as I live, they'r married in earneſt; I'l be ſworn, with the very ſame words that I and my husband was.

Ger. Let them alone, 'tis all but jeſt, Nurſe; why the Apothecary's married, fool, and has four children.

Hur. 'Tis true that he is married, but no four children, Sir; but we will have four and four to that Girl.

Olin. What ſhall we have but eight *Leander*?

Hur. Fiftie, fiftie Sons to vie with *Priam*; beſides Girls ſhall be reckon'd but as by-blows.

Nur. Fiftie beſides Girls? when ſhall a poor woman get ſuch a husband?

Hur. Olin. Now, Sir, we both crave your bleſſing.

Ger. Well ſaid Apothecary, thou acts it to the life, i'faith: Gentlemen Doctors does he not do it well?

Hur. I ſhall do it better yet; Nurſe make a Sack-poſſet, and let's to bed preſently.

Ger.

Ger. No, no, no, no, Nurſe, no going to bed, there you over act it Pothecary.

Olin. Sir, he is no Apothecary, but real *Leander*, and my lawful husband; therefore we muſt of neceſſity go to bed, Sir.

Ger. Why Doctor, this Girl is ſtark mad ſtill.

Doct. No indeed, ſhe ſpeaks ſenſibly; what would you have a young woman do but go to bed when ſhe's is married?

Ger. Why Doctor, thou over acts thy part too.

Doct. In troth, Sir, this is neither Apothecary, Operator, nor *Hurnatio*, but very *Leander*; neither is this his man *Stirquilutio*, but his Brother, and a Miniſter in orders, who has lawfully made 'em man and wife.

Ger. How Villain! didſt not thou ſay he was married and had four children, and bid me degrade thee of the dignitie of a Doctor, if it were not ſo.

Doct. I did ſo, Sir, and therefore I'l degrade my ſelf; there goes the Doctors, and here's honeſt *Robin Drench* the Farrier.

All. How a Farrier!

2 *Doct.* Did not I tell you he muſt be a cheat.

Hur. You have found him ſo, 'tis much that a Doctor wedded to Rules and Method ſhould be cozen'd by a Farrier; for you have no diſeaſe, 'twas onely a little Cow-itch put down your back.

2. *Doct.* A pox upon you, and all your cheats.

Ger. O this curſed Farrier, this curſed Villain, then you are not mad, Ladie?

Olin. No, Sir, neither was I mad or dumb, but counterfeited both to cozen the Squire and you, Sir.

Ger. And you, Sir, were *Leander*, when you brought me the Letter from *Leander*?

Lea. Yes, Sir.

Ger. And you told me that *Leander* would ſteal my daughter, and gave me good counſel to look to her?

Lea. I did ſo, Sir.

Ger.

Ger. 'Twas good counſel if I could have taken it: that curſed Letter feigned from *Leander* cozen'd me, that got them credit with me, ſpite of my jealouſie: thou art a pretty fellow, I confeſs, but the moſt impudent and audacious Villain, to marry my Child againſt my will, and before my face too, Gentlemen.

Olin. Do you think I'd have been married but in my Fathers preſence? not for all the world.

Lea. 'Twas love forc'd us to make this ſhift, Sir.

Ger. A pox of love, for that's the end on't: did not I tell thee all along that thou wouldſt cozen me?

Lea. You did ſo, Sir, but love can take no warning.

Ger. For my revenge, I'l to bed, and fall deſperately ſick, make my will, and dye, and leave thee ne'er a groat, that thou and thy iſſue may ſtarve and periſh. [*Exit* Ger.

Olin. Fear not *Leander*, when this fit is over, he's to be reconciled, fear not.

Doct. Gentlemen Doctors, I hope 'tis no diſparagement to you, that a poor Farrier, by a combination with Nurſe, has cured a mad woman.

Nur. I but where is my reward for it?

Doct. Faith, Nurſe, if thou wilt accept of a Farrier inſtead of a Doctor, I'l love thee ſtill.

Nur. A pox on you for me, my heart is ſo ſet upon the white Periwig, that I ſhall ne'er be my own woman again.

Enter Jarvis, Iſabel, *and many Neighbours.*

Jar. Where is my Maſter, here is witneſs enough now, that he is no Doctor, but a drunken Farrier; theſe are all his Neighbours, Gentlemen.

Doct. I confeſs I am a Farrier, they all know it too; but can my Neighbours bear witneſs thou'rt no Cuckold?

Iſa. No, but here is witneſs that I am thy Wife, and that I am not mad.

Doct. I'l own that too, thou art my wife, and not mad; nay, more than that, I'l go home and live with thee.

Lea. Well, I'l give you a Penſion of fifty pounds a year, for the good ſervice you did me in your raign of Doctor.

Doll. I thank you, Sir: and *Jarvis*, thou ſhalt have thy wife again, that thou mayſt have a foundation for thy jealouſie; for I find when thou art not jealous, thou'rt a dead man.

Ger. Save the Squire, ſave the Squire, ſave the poor Squire.

The Scene opens, and the Squire is diſcover'd hanging in a cradle.

Olin. Is not that the Squires voice?

Nib. Yes, and 'tis high time to let him down now, open, open; come Squire, will you quit your intereſt in your Miſtreſs now to be ſet free?

Sqr. I, with all my heart, and the Divel take her to boot; I have hung ſo long i'th' Air, that the houſhold took me for *Mahome*'s Tomb, and paid my worſhip with their Piſs-pots out of the Garret, I thank 'em. [*Let him down.*

Nib. I cauſed it to be done.

Nur. I was joyned with her in commiſſion of the member Veſſels.

Nib. But Squire, ſince you ha' loſt your Miſtreſs, what think you of marrying the wilde Iriſh Chamber-maid.

Sqr. Who, Madam *Pogamihone*, I'l marry my mothers Sow firſt.

Lea. But Squire, when ſhall you and I fight another Duel?

Sqr. Sir, if I were a man that were given to quarrelling, as ſometimes they ſay in my drink I am; I'd have you know that I am able to beat, and cudgel, half a dozen ſuch fellows as you are, I and make you creep under the Tables and Joynt-ſtools, Sir; nay, I could cudgel you under a Candle-ſtick, Sir; that is, if I were a man that were given to quarrelling.

Lea. I am very happy that you are a man not give to quarrelling.

Sqr. So you are, Sir; but if I were given to quarrelling, here's a leg that is four and twenty inches about, that's three inches more than any of the Kings Cables, Sir; and I'd have you know, Sir, that I am able not onely to kick you down ſtairs, but kick you up ſtairs again, Sir; ſtill that is, if my leg were given to kicking, or I to quarrelling.

Lea. Well, Sir, we are all bleſt, that your leg of four and twenty

twenty inches about is not given to kicking. Nurſe, let the Sack-poſſet be made: In the interim we'l dance, and have the ſong of *Arthur* o' *Bradley*, where *Chriſtopher* carried the cuſtard.

Doct. And bartle the Beef and the Muſtard. [*Dance.*

Lea. Come my *Olinda*, let us in and prove [*To* Olinda.
The ſweet Rewards, due to our vertu's Love.

Othen. I, I, to bed, you now need fear no Proctor,
But thank your Farrier cudgel'd to a Doctor.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

You that are Learn'd, expect honour for it;
We that are unlearn'd, slight and abhor it:
The Rich does look with scorn upon the Poor,
But give no Alms; the Beggar scorns you more.
Thus does the wretch your wealth disdain; nay worse,
For each proud look, the Beggar gives a curse:
But give him Alms, as I believe 'tis rare,
The Beggar gratefully returns his Pray'r.
So when the Unlearn'd, by the Learn'd improve,
They'l give them honour for their learned Love:
But stead of that, the Unlearn'd they indite,
And proudly ask us how we dare to write?
We humbly answer our Inditement thus,
If Poetry be Fancie, the right's in us;
For you with Authors are so deeply read,
Invention has no room in learned head;
Borrowing what you read, and Authors citing,
Is your invention, and your writing.
Now th' illiterate are for fancie bent,
Having no learning, they must needs invent.
Thus Poetry is ours to inherit
As much as yours with your learned merit;
For as Quakers preach, we write, by th' spirit.

FINIS.

SAUNY the SCOT.

OR, THE

Taming of the Shrew.

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